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A Sublimated Puritan, by Rollo Walter Brown, page 186

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Standards

WORDS, said the Chinese philosopher, Hao-Tse, are more dangerous than armies. Words put the mind to sleep.

Many earnest readers are asking for standards in literature. The fault in current criticism, they say, is that it has no standards by which the bad taste or the ignorance of writers may be corrected. We have lost our touchstones and no longer test the products of the creative imagination by the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Only standards tightly held can lift us above the sea of trash.

It is the business of criticism to erect standards and point to models, but it is only a part of its business, and not even the greater part. Without exception, whenever the critics have concerned themselves more with standards in the abstract than with new and vital literature in the concrete, criticism has become a dead hand—whether in imperial Rome, or nineteenth century France, or eighteenth century England. Do those who ask for standards today read Horace and Dryden and Boileau and Addison? They do not, and will not. They no longer believe that Nature is Homer, or that what Vergil wrote is a rule for the twentieth century. What they seem to want is a new dogmatism which, like the other standardizing processes of the day, will tell them what to think. The most popular literary lecture is that which says *these* books are to be marked A, *these*, B, and *these* C. Now you know what to say about them.

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The chief business of criticism is to search out the living spirit of literature, to rescue from oblivion the one book that is worth more than the ninety and nine, to interpret new modes, to condemn fumblings, backslidings, and specious meretriciousness. To do this without standards, that is, without a vivid conception of what has been good in the past, is to substitute ignorant appreciation for criticism. But to stretch every new model on the old frames of acknowledged masterpieces has always been a dangerous business, and to set up formulas of esthetic truth by which any new book can be measured is more valuable as an intellectual exercise or as a prospectus of critical method than as criticism. We use accepted truth in esthetics very much as we use experience in life. It is the best criterion, but may in itself be by no means adequate to meet a new situation. Aristotle, Longinus, Croce, read to clear and strengthen the judgment, are indispensable, but to state their formulas like major premises in a syllogism, expecting automatic conclusions whenever they are applied to a modern book, is not criticism.

The real need in a confused, transitional period like this one is not standards (which are abundant) but firmly held ideals, and that is probably what the clamorers mean. Prospectuses for criticism are useful, and a new theory of expressional values or of the duty of the writer to catch significant detail rather than realistic likeness, may be extremely valuable. The test, however, is in application, and there, while the new view may be helpful, it is the ideal of excellence guiding the critic which determines whether *his* criticism upholds standards or debases them.

And this ideal is not Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Dr. Johnson; it is a conception of what literature can attain which may make the tolerant modernist critic more exacting in his standards than the orthodox scholar who is quite satisfied when he finds that the new is like the old.

This *Review* will consistently uphold whatever ideals of sweetness and light are within the ken and the power of its editors, but it intends to print more about the ideas in books than the ideas in criticism—more about beauty than about What is Beauty? And its editors feel that discovery is at least as important as classification, and that one subtle and interpretative criticism is worth more than a dozen critical formularies.

Nevertheless, whenever a theory of criticism can be formulated in categorical imperatives, it will be formulated. It is not lack of standards that troubles us, it is how to apply them, not for their own sake, but for the benefit of art.

She Sleeps

By GEORGE DILLON

INCIPIENTLY, the hush of death
Lies on her limbs like early snow.
Love, in this light-drawn tide of breath,
Cares little whether it wake or no.

As summer sleeps in autumn's arms,
So every cry and every kiss
And all love's laughter and alarms
Were but a clamoring toward this;

So even the fruit forsakes the vine;
So even the heart's high branch blows bare;
So even her lips are lost from mine
Like leaves upon the flying air.

This Week

"The Childermass," and "The Wild Body."
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Articles and reviews by *C. E. Montague, Claude Bowers, Henry Noble MacCracken, Robert Nathan, Deems Taylor, Stephen Vincent Benét, Maristan Chapman,* and others. Poem by *Robert Frost.*

A Cathedral of Gargoyles

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

WHAT is "The Childermass,"—a novel, as the publishers call it—a satire, a vision, a nightmare, or what? Shall we call it a cathedral of gargoyles, and let it go at that? It has been likened to Joyce's "Ulysses"—chiefly because both works are huge, amorphous, impossible to read consecutively, written in a variety of modernistic styles, and with an equal genius for describing the disgusting and obscene. It might be called a contemporary Divine Comedy; if there is in it no divinity and little comedy (in the Dantesque sense) it is all the more contemporary for that. The scene is laid in the plains and fens surrounding the castellated city of Heaven, where are gathered in great concentration camps the souls awaiting judgment. So at least we are assured. Otherwise, so scurvy a lot are the characters, so full of ghoulish horror the surroundings, we might rather imagine ourselves in some particularly degraded circle of Hell. Mythical distinctions of this kind, however, are not at all to Mr. Lewis's purpose. As we proceed, we find ourselves, even more than with Dante, confronted by an allegory of the present life, an allegory in which Mr. Lewis has clothed the philosophy of "Time and Western Man" in a strange garb of murky fantasy.

At the outset we are introduced to two characters, Pullman, a perfect specimen of propriety and elegant refinement, the typical "English gentlemen" shielded from experience by outward imperturbability, and his oily hanger-on, the fatuous, overtly homosexual Satters, who furnishes that obvious butt of the author's ridicule whom Mr. Lewis seems to need as an accompanying shadow. (One might make a long list of these butts from Mr. Lewis's narratives, no other of them, however, quite so well done, with such intensity of hatred, as the Kreisler of "Tarr.") Pullman and Satters plod on for pages through the ghostly regions—in and out of different spaces and times, amid an unreal phantasmagoria of things and people, always moving kaleidoscopically and feverishly—plod on and on around the closed city in an increasingly horrible futility. Gradually more and more characters are introduced, usually in couples or in crowds, for in this fantastic world as in the contemporary actual men live in crowds, shouting, bawling, running aimlessly hither and thither like the characterless souls in Dante's Ante-Inferno. And all of them have a disconcerting way of lapsing back into childhood, exuding the sticky odor of babies, lisping or screaming or babbling Gertrude Stein. An ironical Childermass, Feast of Holy Innocents, indeed! The scene at last centers about the court—if court it may be called—of the Bailiff, who is a grand impersonation of the whole modern spirit, as Mr. Lewis interprets it— time-serving, mob-serving, plausible, hypocritical, versatile but invertebrate—an unquestionable triumph of allegorical characterization. Against the rule of the Bailiff a band of Greeks headed by Hyperides threatens revolt in the name of reason; the Bailiff and Hyperides-Lewis hurl their respective philosophies like Homeric rocks at one another; a struggle for "the idea of reality" is joined. But at this dramatic moment there is a pause—at the end of Part I of "The Childermass."

THE CHILDERMASS. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. Part I. New York: Covici-Friede. 1928. $3.

THE WILD BODY. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928.

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The abstract theses of "The Childermass" are those of Mr. Lewis's other recent books—"The Lion and the Fox," "The Art of Being Ruled," and "Time and Western Man." His gospel of greatness, his love of strongly marked character, his admiration for the intellectual non-moral attitude are presented through contempt for their opposites. Here once more he is greatly concerned over the contemporary increase in homosexuality whose origin he traces to feminism and the war and whose dire effect, he prophesies with unconscious humor, will be the creation of a race of neuter workers even more amenable to industrial discipline than the traditional *pater familias* has proved. Women are notably absent from "The Childermass"; presumably Mr. Lewis does not consider them worthy even of his satire. This, I venture to think, is a sad defect. Woman, whatever one's opinion of her, at least exists; heaven would not be heaven nor hell hell without her; no picture of such a feministic period as ours can be more than a sketch, however masterly, if it fails to put women in the foreground.

More distinctively individual than Mr. Lewis's ideas, however, is his style. This is likely, for good or ill, to have almost as much influence as the styles of Joyce and Gertrude Stein, and for the same reason. Like Thomas Carlyle, so many of whose ideas he shares, Mr. Lewis is a reactionary in thought but an experimentalist in style. Like Carlyle he takes full advantage of the immunities of genius and scorns linguistic restraint. His "abrahamic clowns" in their "expressive saxanglish tropology" indulge in "swatch-cove exegetics" and "stentorophonic controversy" until one's ears ring from the uncouth sounds. Hostile to democracy and all its ways though he deems himself, his enormous vocabulary is ultra-democratic, admitting all classes of words from the most technical to the most vulgar. Hostile to naturalism as is his philosophy, in his writing he is *plus naturaliste que la nature*. Sweaty masses of fat, stinking breaths, gaping mouths, and snoring noses have an irresistible attraction for him. Similar to Joyce's cloacal obsession is his delight in descriptions of retching. His eye and nose are sharper than his ear. The rhythm of sound makes little appeal to him; in fact, no other writer of anything like his importance is so lacking in a sense for time and continuity. But of this limitation he has actually made a distinction. His amazingly subtle observation isolates and immobilizes each situation; his characters move by jerks; his universe is a vast puppet show. In "The Childermass" this is all to the good; the mechanized movement and the physical ugliness are an appropriate symbolism for the mental decay portrayed. This adaptation of form to content in "The Childermass" is, however, simply due to Mr. Lewis's having at last found a content to fit a previously existing form derived from his instinctive way of looking at life.

That this is the case may be seen by glancing at his other volume brought out during the present year, "The Wild Body." This work is made up mainly of stories or rather sketches written before the war. They have been largely rewritten in his later style (what a chance for doctoral dissertations, when Mr. Lewis shall have become a classic, to compare, e. g., the punctuation of the earlier and later versions!), but the view of life has remained unchanged. In an expository essay Mr. Lewis tells us that his is the point of view of comedy which goes into guffaws when it sees "a thing behaving like a person" and—since all human bodies are precisely in that situation—may appropriately guffaw whenever it perceives a human being. This is a very inadequate account of comedy, but it adequately describes Mr. Lewis's own procedure. In "The Wild Body" the characters are avowedly treated as things, mere grotesque and hideous puppets—but the author hardly makes it clear why he treats them in this manner save through his own wilfulness. In "The Childermass" the "thinginess" remains and is appropriate. Mr. Lewis, in a word, aside from his fantasy, sees and writes as a pure behaviorist. In so extraverted an age, with its craze for action at all costs, and its idolatry of "objective-mindedness," this style of writing is sure of a vogue. Obviously, it belongs to the very spirit of the times which Mr. Lewis so deplores. He is not only, as he boasts, "the Enemy" of the age; he is also the Enemy of himself. But in so being, he is a very good friend, as well. Without something to attack he would be dumb, but luckily he always has his material at home. Of him may be said what Alectryon says to the Bailiff: "The trouble is that only your hatred is creative; it is your only way of being creative."

Lincoln's Country

JACK KELSO: A Dramatic Poem. By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by LLEWELLYN JONES
Chicago *Evening Post*

EDGAR LEE MASTERS was born and brought up in Lincoln's country, and the story of Jack Kelso, the vagabond and poet who taught Lincoln to enjoy Shakespeare and Burns, ought to provide him with a happy subject. But Mr. Masters has wandered far from his childhood haunts, and so does this poem. It begins well. Here is a group of Illinois pioneers, among them this lazy, nature loving poet who reads his Shakespeare, here Stephen Douglas, hail fellow well met with the New Salem villagers, quarrelling over politics and the village school-master, here "Abe" Lincoln himself bringing hogs to New Orleans and getting his flat-boat stuck. Then we have Jack Kelso putting on a masque, with Hephaistos and all the other classical figures in it. And one realizes that, after all, pioneer life was not a story merely of pioneers fighting the wilderness and cultivating the soil, but was leavened by the old-fashioned, pedantic culture that these people brought to the wilderness with them. "Hephaistos" played in the Illinois wilderness is piquant, and the Illinois wilderness could never be quite alien when seen through eyes which had been schooled by the older English poets.

But if Mr. Masters saw these possibilities he scorned them, and one can almost imagine that he never saw them. For Kelso soon ceases to be a poet, except on political themes, and becomes a hapless and hopeless wanderer. He has failed to understand Lincoln, he sees in the Civil War a catastrophe to Jeffersonian principles and the prelude to a reign of greed protected by the new federal power. In the third act he has become a railroad contractor, that he may make money and marry the beauteous Isabel of Salt Lake City.

The lady, however, proves to be elusive. She entertains Kelso one evening, he drinks too much wine, and Isabel has the chance to give him a closer inspection than she had hitherto done:

> More gray hairs on his head than I
> Noticed before.
> (Looking at his forehead)
> Veins bulged and blue!
> Surely his age he has mistold!
> What shall I do? It's best to fly.
> The man is old, too old, too old!
> I'll go to Saltair. Here, Yet Wei!"

—although why she should go to Saltair I cannot for the life of me guess, for if I remember correctly there is nothing there but an amusement park and a salt works. But go she does, leaving a farewell note for Kelso with the Chinese servant whose name so conveniently rhymed with "fly."

Whereupon Kelso wanders some more, going East this time, and becoming more and more disillusioned as he goes along and finds tariffs and wicked capitalists and corporate greed all over the place. Before a bronze statue of Lincoln he is moved to poetize about it all.

> Now there you stand in bronze, a myth adored;
> Freedom's Apostle truly, who meant to save,
> Now used by jobbers, by the exploiting sword
> To slave the free with what you freed the slave.
> All leagues of peace, and manhood rights will fail;
> Wars will arise to wear the masquerade
> Of Liberty, but no Liberty will prevail
> Until the whole world blossoms with free trade.

Well, I'm all for free trade myself, but it was rather a shock to find it blossoming just there.

We then follow Kelso to Washington when the unknown soldier is being buried, and learn, through the revelation of a yegg man that this unknown soldier was really his brother—he had taken particular note where he had been buried on the field.

At last Jack Kelso, now very old—it's a long span from the young Lincoln to the unknown soldier—comes back to the site of New Salem and determines to end his life in the old well in the Concord churchyard. However on the evening he reaches the churchyard the grandson of an old friend of his had happened to reach the well first—and had fallen into it. Kelso hears his cries, climbs down, rescues the lad, and dies of the strain.

A sad showing, but we may console ourselves by remembering that pendulums always come back, and "Jack Kelso" certainly marks a limit beyond which no-one could go. The return swing must be due to begin.

The Substance of Esthetic

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By JOSEPH GORDON MACCLEOD. New York: The Viking Press. 1928.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

Human music, that is the phrase we want: not an atmosphere of grandeur set up by sublime words in an order or ringing changes in a carrillon, not an absolute beauty; nor personal emotion guttering like a candle-flame in the draught of circumstances or wrestling not to drown in the rapids and undercurrents below the weir of the world, not personal beauty; nor a tangle of gnarled ideals for time alone to axe; nor mere life; nor mere utterance; but that unnamed heave as of an ocean tuned orchestral, which in consummation of the wedding of the earth with rain-showers, enchants humanity into sound.

IF this appears more or less unintelligible and curiously eloquent, it is so far characteristic. Moreover the passage is a drive at the thing which Mr. MacCleod is driving at all the time. Form, beauty, quality, esthetic, the sublime, are all sere words, dry pointers, labels tacked up on the gates of mystery. "Human music," the heave of an orchestral ocean, are reaches after the description. What is quality in literature? "It is not a pattern in tune, like music form; nor a pattern in space, like plastic form; but something recalling both, as though the lines of a picture flowed." "Esthetic" is a lifeless term; the thing it means is a swaying, sensitive, vital thing. It is not in the details of the surface but somewhere down in the sea, where if you take a light to see you illuminate yourself alone; "you stand in a circular mirror reflecting only your lamp and your white face startled to see yourself discovering yourself. To analyze the esthetic will be as easy and as profitable as to put the Wellington arch on the top of Mont Blanc."

Mr. MacCleod is a very pregnant and unusual critic. To make art out of reality is to make Beauty out of the Beast, but it is impossible to do so unless you go round about; and his feeling is that you cannot define or describe it, anymore than you can make it, unless you go round about. The nearest definition is a complex of endeavors to define, by suggestion, similarities, figures of speech, by definition after definition consistent or inconsistent. Poetry can only be defined by poetry. The anatomist or botanist does not describe either man or flower. If you want the thing as it really is you want something alive. Its secret, its reality, lies in its life. The rest is mechanism or incident.

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If Mr. MacCleod's esthetic is mystical, it is because he sees that the thing itself is mystical. If you estimate its mystery you eliminate its reality. His method is indirect, but his language is not. It is vivid, concrete, and imaginative. On Milton's Song in "Comus" "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph," he comments: "Here again the esthetic is superficial, something more like music, made in soft syllables, as if the ink whispered"; and on Shelley's

> Swiftly walk over the western wave,
> Spirit of Night.

"But here there is a new thing coming. This is not mere surface charm, sensuous alliteration. There is shape below it. It creeps under the picturesque." And this is not ordinary criticism. It goes below the surface, creeps close to the matter. It treats poetry with poetry. Mr. MacCleod is not a critic to be read currently, or summed up in an epitome, but to be taken bit by bit, and reread with consideration. His terminology is peculiar. It may be forced, but at least it is forcible. The rather frequent obscurity is partly due to words used peculiarly and not always in the same sense; partly to a wealth of allusion too closely packed; partly to the endeavor to get the dimensions of something lying darkly out of reach by searchlights and triangulations from a distance and from different directions. Agreement by the reader with all his judgments on specific points of esthetic, or on specific examples of literature, is neither likely, nor important; but the better instinct one has already for that reality, that substance of esthetic, which Mr. MacCleod is talking about, the less difficulty will he find in either the language or the method of approach.

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Bread and Science

HUNGER FIGHTERS. By PAUL DE KRUIF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by D. T. MACDOUGAL, M. D.
Director, Desert Laboratory

AS judicial and sincere as are the appraisements in this book an equally meritorious volume with the same title might be written without mention of a single name included by Paul De Kruif.

The almost daily governmental reminders to us of the millions of dollars worth, or hundreds of thousands of tons, gallons, or bushels of vegetables, firewood, cotton, tomatoes, hogs, oysters, potatoes, nuts, eggs, oats, wool, apples, milk, wheat, and corn saved or added to our supplies by the skilled efforts of its thousands of agents, with the unconcealed implication that larger appropriations could be used, makes a stated and indifferent audience for praise of hunger-fighters. The digger of roots, the gatherer of seeds and grains, and the producer of crops receives no more strident acclaim today than he did in the yesterdays of a thousand centuries.

The author places himself in a posture of formal adoration of the modern hunger fighters who use the methods or results of biological and physical sciences in breeding and growing crops and domestic animals and in controlling the diseases and parasites which lessen their yield. The record of effort of something like a score of workers, living and dead, are used in examplification of the theme. The personalities and motivation of these scientists are so crudely sketched that they are not recognizable by the reviewer who has had the advantage of personal contact with nearly all of them. Their actual accomplishments, however, are not over-drawn; indeed this would be difficult to do.

* * *

Mark Carleton who found the hardy durum wheat on the steppes of Asia and introduced it to the dry and cold fields of the Great Plains and Northwest, Mackay and the Saunders who bred and selected varieties for the Dominion, are fitly eulogized in terms which might be as justly applied to a score of their contemporaries. The work of Dorset in the determination of the nature and prevention of hog cholera, and of Mohler, Loeffler, and Lake who contend with other plagues, is likewise celebrated.

The food basis of American culture was primarily that of maize and the grain from this plant is still produced in larger quantity than that of the recently introduced wheat. The major movement in the epic of the American corn plant had taken place long before the time of Columbus and Cortez. The deducible history of maize after its grain attracted notice as a human food on southern Mexican highlands, its dissemination northward to the Dakotas and into South America involving the selection of special varieties for each new set of soil and climatic conditions, is in itself an epitome of the domestication of plants by man. Comparatively little, from the point of view of the naturalist, has been done with this grain in the last five hundred years. So great is the annual crop, however, that any little advance in culture or breeding may increase yields by millions of bushels. The accomplishments of workers in the cornfield include so many separate contributions of supplementary value that formal evaluation is difficult.

* * *

The author has properly stressed the fact that satisfaction of hunger and physical welfare are not to be compassed by the furnishment or consumption of food to a certain necessary total amount of units of energy or calories. Out of the murk of our dietary ignorance there have emerged the vitamines of several categories which are indispensable to the action of living matter and for the construction of new protoplasm. Some of these little known substances seem to carry effects of sunlight and their action may be duplicated by direct exposure to the sun's rays.

In this connection are mentioned S. M. Babcock as the "father of vitamines," Hart, McCollum, and Steenbock, the experimenter, who trapped both vitamines and sunlight. Then, too, the workers, Goldberger, Sydenstricher, and others, who connected the dreaded pellagra with dietary deficiencies, are described.

Not much has been said about the eternal struggle for food from which no escape may be visioned. At no time does the race have a surplus which would suffice for a year. In this we have not gone far beyond the savage tribe which existed through the winter on stored nuts and seeds, or the squirrels with their adequate hoard of acorns.

In the possibility of the quadruple increase of the population of the world now predicted the real issue will depend upon the number of acres of tillable land necessary for the maintainance of one person. It is notable that in America there are still required 2.6 acres of tillable land for each unit of human population; in Great Britain the ratio is 2.5 acres per capita, while in Denmark with the most intensive use of land in vegetable growing and dairy farming the area has not been reduced below 1.8 acres. It would not be easy to forecast the developments of agricultural science by which the United States might make every pair of its 437 million possible tillable acres support one person in an increase to a total of 218 million people.

One of the most alluring recreations of modern geographers is the forecasting of human populations; by the estimates most in vogue at the moment, of the 8,000 millions of the future some 1,500 or 2,000 millions are to find a living in North America. If food or energy is to be obtained by agriculture or by the action of the green leaves of cultivated plants these figures are grotesquely large; if the scientific researches now being carried on in a score of laboratories for trapping of sunlight and using its energy as power for combining simple substances into others suitable as food are successful in any measure, these figures would be entirely without meaning.

WYNDHAM LEWIS
Author of "The Childermass"

Psychology and Medicine

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY. By R. G. GORDON, M. D. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $3.75.

Reviewed by S. DANIEL HOUSE

WHEN we think of the pioneers of modern medicine, Charcot, Janet, Bernheim, Liébault, Breuer, Freud, Jung, Adler, Prince (to mention only the most conspicuous ones), we can't help wondering about the quaint paradox that had arisen to baffle the minds of the dynamic psychologists, academic and clinical. Medicine had built its theories and practices wholly upon organic assumptions concerning human nature in health and disease. The subtlest achievement of organic medicine, namely, neurology, had reached a state of perfection so minute as to render it the most admirable and the most useless of sciences. Therapeutically, organic neurology hadn't the remotest conception of the disharmonies and perturbing conflicts that rocked human beings to their psychoneurotic and psychotic depths. Evidently, the organic approach to human nature as a study in the disharmonies of personality was very limited indeed. Hence, the creative audacity of that small group of dynamic psychiatrists who reconceived medicine in terms drastically psychologic and functional. The emergence of the psychoanalytic technique put an end once for all to the vain boasts of the organicists that *materia medica* is sufficient unto itself and can dispense with psychological insight. The war provided the perfect demonstration of the failure of organic neurology and the astonishing triumph of psychoanalytic psychology in understanding and solving the problems of neurotic breakdown ("shell-shock").

Thus medicine, which had leaned so long upon physiology, achieved its most brilliant triumphs by becoming unequivocally psychological. But psychology which had intertwined itself since its metaphysical beginning with mentalistic and relatively intangible assumptions suddenly decided to become nobly scientific by wooing physiology most shamelessly. Enter behaviorism, trailing clouds of scientific glory, exuberantly affirming its physiologic and most materialistic basis, and as raucously repudiating the purely psychological assumptions of the traditionally accredited "science of the soul."

A pretty state of things, forsooth! Behaviorism modestly assuring us that psychology as a real science was born in 1913 in the brain (the behaviorist is not burdened with a mind) of Dr. Watson when he definitely decided that the most perfect model for an adequate comprehension of human behavior was the laboratory study of the white rat, the *only* difference between men and other animals being language, all other differences and discrepancies in nature being generously canceled out of existence by the overwhelming necessity of finally putting psychology on a basis as reputably scientific as that of physics. Bravo, Watson! the behavioristic bull in the introspectionist china shop. But lo! a mystery. Watson had failed to note that there were two varieties of introspection, one academic and absurd and sterile, against the authority of which he rebelled most persuasively (in laughing out of court Messrs. Titchener, Angell, Bentley, *et al.*), the other clinical and profound and fruitful, which he had thought highly of until he found shrewd reason for boosting the stocks of behaviorism by a competitor's assault upon a flourishing psychoanalysis.

* * *

Psychology, traditionally mentalistic, seeking to rid itself of the asphyxiating burden of a self-enclosed, utterly vapid, and unmeaning introspectionalism, crudely repudiating mind and consciousness and personality and idea and thinking, blindly ignoring a more fruitful and humanistic kind of introspection (self-analysis), seeking reputable status as a true science; while, on the other hand, medicine, traditionally materialistic and physiological, caught in a desperate *impasse* of descriptive accuracy and therapeutic futility, bravely breaking the bondage of old-fashioned scientific technique and enthusiastically creating the new medicine on the incredible basis of purely psychological concepts! And so matters stand at present. Two vital psychologies obsess the contemporary mind: psychoanalysis and behaviorism.

Dr. Gordon might be called a sane psychoanalyst (though the analysts who are more orthodox, i. e., more devoutly Freudian, are not to be labeled insane!). His medical philosophy is inspired by psychoanalytic discoveries but for all that he will not rest content with speculative assumption when he can reduce it to scientific hypothesis. Hence his drastic emphasis on physiological and neurological concepts, such as behavior patterns, cortical redintegration, facilitation and inhibition, conditioning, reflexes, reactions, engrams, etc. His discussion of the psychoneurotic modes of thinking and acting is very illuminating. The psychopathology of anxiety, hysteria, fear, obsession, sexual perturbation, is lucidly presented, with the aid of diagrams, as a branch of "Behaviorism."

* * *

"The Neurotic Personality" represents a fine integration of the contributions more particularly of McDougall, Janet, Freud, Sherrington, Head, Watson, Pavlow, toward the profounder understanding of psychoneurotic behavior. Dr. Gordon's own view is expressed in such crisp observations and judgments as these: "We may, however, point out that neurosis essentially depends upon the disharmony in the proper integration of just these (emotional) dispositions. Of these sex is doubtless the most important, but the conflict between self-abasement and self-assertion is also of the very greatest influence in determining neurotic behavior." "We find that while the neurotic is capable of a great deal of prospective imagination, it is too often visionary and out of touch with reality. From this we see that it is in the realm of sentiment organization rather than in the higher development of cognition that the neurotic is at fault." "The difficulty in the neurotic's life is to adapt himself to circumstances both within and without himself. No doubt the intrapsychic difficulties are the more important, but

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the extraneous difficulties must not be forgotten, for one intensifies the other."

Dr. Gordon's volume is a welcome and most luminous commentary on the rich potentialities for reëducation resident in human nature envisaged in terms of psychoanalytic medicine and behavioristic psychology.

Hunting Culture

LONG LANCE. By CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

THE autobiography of Chief Buffalo Child adds another and by no means the least, to the list of life stories of primitives by which here in America new and freshly informed concepts of the beginnings of human society are built up. Buffalo Child is out of the Blood Indian Reservation in Alberta, of one of the Northwest tribes that were last to come in contact with the white man, and have remained least contaminated by a culture which the Indian is unable to withstand and never able to assimilate. The Blackfeet tribes were all of them Tipi Indians, that is to say, theirs was a hunting culture, only occasionally alleviated by short summer stays for transitory crops of corn and squashes. They lived with and by the buffalo as no doubt in a corresponding stage of development the ancestral tribes of Europe lived with reindeer and aurochs. The buffalo was not only their meat, but their clothing and housing. He was also their religion and the formative element in their social organization. And never has that social organization of the human hunting pack been more pleasingly and precisely portrayed than by Long Lance, to give the author his achievement name by which he signs this narrative, although it is not the one which he prizes most.

* * *

If any one were interested to compare the four or five outstanding Indian biographies, outstanding for their revelation of Indian character, he would discover as many outstanding types of human beings, easily recognizable by the traits that distinguish the same types among us. Chief Buffalo Child is preeminently the Lincoln type, simple of heart and exceedingly wise in the nature of man in society. He is described in a foreword by Irvin Cobb as having collegiate attainments in the whiteman's world. Possibly this has helped him to so state the social life of the Blackfeet as to constitute an important contribution to social history. But no one reading the book would suspect any such deliberateness of intention, any more than you would discover behind the Gettysburg address any intention to write an immortal piece of prose. Very simply, in excellent English without any literary artifice, just the desired light is thrown on the social phases of hunting culture.

An illuminating note, which I do not recall as appearing in any other Indian autobiography, relates to the Indian's own sense of the importance of his language, the solemn care taken by the mothers of the tribe to teach it in its purity to their children, the social safeguards thrown about its use, and at the same time the knowledge of its archaic phases, necessary to the elders in expounding the tribal laws and rites. Perhaps the most penetrating picture of all is that of the Time Council . . . the grave elders in the midst of the vast rolling plains, attempting by a comparison of notched sticks and suitable naming of seasons to establish in the unending flow of nights and day, a uniform stability of reference. The importance in primitive life of what is known as "Medicine" which, along with the religious element, is curiously like what passes in our day under the shibboleths of "winning personality," is met by this author with the simple dignity of one who states facts which he does not feel under the necessity of excusing.

* * *

His account of the mysteries of healing, clairvoyance, and what goes by the name of spirit communication includes nothing more amazing than is already known to people in touch with primitives everywhere, and is in no way discredited or explained by the glib terms which our modern psychology applies to them. What every intimate of Indians knows is that there is, or was in man a capacity for what I have always called "sleight of mind," a conscious use of the unconscious, perhaps, possibly even the operation of long disused capacities of the autonomic system, by which things are accomplished impossible to modern man. Some of the phenomena described by Buffalo Child are unfamiliar to me, but none of them, in view of what I have already seen, are unbelievable.

Praising this book for its informing quality, I was asked a characteristic American question, "What light does it throw on the problem of sex?" Just this, that in the hunting society of the plains, sex was not a matter which required to have any light thrown upon it. It had not yet reached the dimensions of a problem. The only Indian narrative which I can recall in which sex becomes the center of personal complexity, is one in which whiskey and the cultural disintegration incident upon forced contact with white life share its insistence. Sexual complexities are also introduced by Missionaries, but neither figures in this book.

The later chapters of Long Lance's story are concerned with the final subjugation of his people by the Mounted Police and their establishment in their present location near Alberta. On the whole this portion of the narrative is less affronting and tragic than similar incidents occurring within the territory of the United States. Not that the situation was without its shames and humiliation for the Blackfeet, but it is impossible for one, knowing both, to deny that the Canadians have for the most part kept their dealings with the wild tribes freer from the cruel stupidities of race hatred and political treachery than we have. Our own good fortune in this case consists in having access to, and intelligence to appreciate, the life story of Long Lance, Chief Buffalo Child.

A Family Curse

THE BABYONS. By CLEMENCE DANE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. 4 vols. $5.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MISS DANE has divided her chronicle of the Babyons into four periods, Georgian, Late Georgian, Early Victorian, and Edwardian, and her publishers have snugly cabined each period by itself in a slender volume of charming format. The whole is something more than the sum of its parts, for it contains not only the history of a family, but the story, generation by generation, of the significant members of that family. Each volume is in a sense complete, but all are tightly bound together by the unities of race and place. As Nina says near the end of the last volume, at Babyon the lost loves and the lost lives of the family have mortal continuance.

It was Sir James's jilting of his dark, imperious Cousin Hariot in order to marry her companion, Menella, a timid, fair-haired young thing, that brought a tragic fate upon all three of them and, in a way, upon all of their descendants. For, the mad streak in the family had found a resting-place in Hariot, and when she killed herself after her desertion, she made good her wild threat to suck out Jamie's soul and haunt him to the end of his days. Nor was Menella spared. She lived long enough to see the spirit of Hariot reappear in her own daughter, to hate the girl for it, and to do her best to prevent Isabella from marrying and thus transmitting the curse. But Isabella, with her rages and "the pride of the devil's grandmother on her high forehead," went her own way, precipitating two murders as she went, and ended her days among the gipsies.

Meanwhile her brother's descendants lived on at Babyon and, strangely enough, mated in time with the illegitimate offspring of Isabella's own daughter by one of the gipsies. Mary Anne, through whom the union of the two branches of the family took place, is perhaps the most effectively presented person in the whole chronicle. In her the timidity and docility of Menella—reënforced by her illegitimacy and by the notions current at the time as to how she should comport herself in the circumstances—had been blended with the shrewdness and the stubborn tenacity of the darker Babyons, of the gipsies, and of her father, Farmer Thistledallow. Mary Anne's life, like that of all the Babyons, was hungry and unfulfilled, but she managed to hate and to suffer in silence. And she found some comfort in her son, Nicholas, supplying this last of the male Babyons with a certain measure of repose and with a life-long ideal: herself.

Indeed, had Nicholas remained unmarried, the ghost of his family might have ceased to walk. But Nicholas at forty-seven, a reserved and moody man, brought to Babyon an impulsive young wife half his age who, with her demands upon his affection and her restless questionings if it was not manifested, destroyed his repose and exacerbated his moodiness. Nina "was such a nestling creature, and he hated to be touched." Eventually she came to understand him and to understand, too, that not Nicholas, but a long line of unappeased Babyons was snatching at her happiness. In the end she conquered them and brought peace and quiet to Babyon, but the conqueror was herself subdued in the contest.

* * *

This extended story seems short in the telling because of the competence of its style and method. The task of simultaneously watching so many test-tubes, controlling the reagents in each, and interpreting their individual contributions to the problem underlying the whole experiment, this task demanded an expert eye and hand—and received them. Indeed, for the most part, Miss Dane's technique is so deft as not to be evident. The story slips unobtrusively from one age to another, with the trappings of each period kept well in the background. If the plausibility of the persons involved is that of the stage, rather than that of life, it is not on the whole because of the settings. The Babyons are considerably more than period portraits, though each of them reflects the mood and manners of an epoch.

But the emotion they evoke in the reader is after all the becalmed emotion evoked by the theatre, the comfortable sense that nothing happening to them is important, because they themselves are abnormal and unreal. And this theatricality is enhanced by the recurrent touch of the supernatural in their history. It would seem as if Miss Dane had subordinated the individualities of her protagonists in her effort to personalize the qualities of their inheritance. We of course know very little about the laws of heredity; the characteristics that are predictable from the complex interactions of the chromosomal genes are at best extremely few. Accordingly, one must grant a novelist the right to tread surely where biologists step gingerly. One grants less readily, however, the advisability of materializing the continuity of hereditary traits—even in the past—in spectral forms. Such sufficiently potent emotions as fear, hatred, and remorse are weakened rather than strengthened when they appear as family ghosts, and Miss Dane has warped and buckled the smoothly planed boards of her stage by inserting into it the trap-doors through which these needlessly corporeal spirits emerge. Whether they are intended to distil into the tale the atmosphere of a superstitious age, to heighten the sense of "tragic foreboding," to fleck the story with mysticism, or to symbolize the streak of insanity in the Babyons, they none the less ruffle the fine texture of an otherwise realistic novel.

These defects, however, detract very little from the effectiveness of the performance as a whole, which, ambitious as it is, deserves unstinted commendation. The last two volumes are especially successful, and for the sake of Nicholas and Nina and Mary Anne one is willing to accept all the Babyons, even those that "come and go to the folk that love them and hate them."

"Paris," says the London *Observer*, "which has known Committees of Public Safety, is now to have a Committee of Public Taste with similarly drastic inspirations. It is some ten thousand strong, and has christened itself the 'Chahuteurs,' which might be closely enough translated as the 'Rowdy-dowdy Boys.' The purpose of the movement is to suppress bad plays by shouting them down. It is just possible that it may make no more mistakes than quieter censorships, and, as for the dramatist's work, there is something to be said for a short death and a merry one."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

WE were speaking of the geographical distribution of *Saturday Review* subscribers and some of the surprises caused by a study of the list. But much more fantastic is the tabulation of foreign subscribers of the Book of the Month Club. The much admired Bob Haas, presiding deity of the Club, gives me a list from which I excerpt a few items. I observe that the tropical countries are larger subscribers than the cold and sales-resistant Nordics. It would interest me to know whether the subscription-wallahs of the Literary Guild have had the same experience. Are the warmer countries better market for books? Here are some figures:—

Africa	25	Ireland	5
Argentina	27	Japan	33
Brazil	32	Madagascar	1
Canary Islands	1	Mexico	145
China	81	Persia	13
Cook Islands	1	Paraguay	33
Czechoslovakia	4	Russia	3
Dutch East Indies	9	Siam	2
England	46	Scotland	2
Fiji Islands	1	Sweden	2
Gibraltar	1	Spain	18
India	26	Venezuela	18

But there is one Book of the Month Club subscriber whose exact whereabouts puzzles the excellent Mr. Haas and his associates. His address is listed as FAMBAYA, D.F. His books reach him duly, his remittances arrive, but no gazetteer within reach of Mr. Haas has yet shown where Fambaya is. It sounds to me like Africa. Does anyone know? Anyhow here's a salute to the Fambaya subscriber, who has become an affectionate legend in the meetings of the Club's selecting committee. Always, in helping to choose the Club's monthly volume, I think of him and hope he may like what we send him. I wish he'd write and tell us what Fambaya is like. Does he read his books in a hammock under the palm trees, and what does D. F. stand for?

Most of my time lately has been spent in Hoboken, and I have had no chance to deal with various items of oddity that have accumulated in the Folder. I should like to remark, incidentally, that if the young mandarins of the Inner Sanctum ever find their way to a certain tavern in Hoboken (I don't mention it by name, as it is already a bit crowded; but it's the place so highly praised by G. J. Nathan der Weise in one of his books) they will find on the wall of the western lobe of that hostelry, opposite the fish tanks, the best hand-painting of Trader Horn yet witnessed.—Walter Pitkin has published a book called "The Twilight of the American Mind"; an alternative title would be *Gogoetterdaemmerung*.—I liked Augustine Birrell's charming remark (in his essay on Hawthorne in Desmond MacCarthy's *Life and Letters*, a monthly review) "*The Scarlet Letter* has already lived just as long as I have, and shows fewer signs of impending dissolution."—You remember the story of the autograph collector in Brooklyn who acquired such a reputation for piety because whenever anyone called on him his family always replied "He's gone to vespers." It was of course the shop of A. F. and F. B. Vesper (765 Quincy Street, Brooklyn) where our friend was hunting for treasures. Autograph catalogues are perennially interesting to the student of human comedy. It is always hilarious to observe how any little wind of scandal hoists up the prices of the items it affects. The late Warren Harding's autographed rent receipt is listed by Vesper at $95; whereas the chaste signatures of some other White House incumbents can be had at $5 a pair. How far, in the world of autographs, a little scandal throws its beams.—I offer a free subscription to anyone in the office of Little, Brown and Company who could tell me why two autograph facsimiles in the second volume of Lord Asquith's "Memories and Reflections" are so secretly amusing.—$5 seems very reasonable (in Vesper's catalogue) for a letter from Conan Doyle to his publishers about one of his most charming and too little known books, "Through the Magic Door." People usually imagine that this is a mystery story and are vastly surprised when they read it.—Mr. Crosby Gaige shows his usual good judgment in his choice of limited first editions: he is doing the private editions of the (to me, at least) two most amusing books of this autumn: Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* and V. Woolf's *Orlando*. Both these are published for the regular trade by Harcourt. It is not very widely known that Alfred Harcourt and Crosby Gaige collaborated years ago in editing a very excellent anthology called *Books and Reading* which I hope some day to get back into print.—The continuing interest in John Donne is shown by the announced Nonesuch Press and Random House one-volume edition. I love Random House's exclamation in their catalogue: "The editions distributed by Random House are narrowly limited, and the rationing of copies is often an embarrassing procedure. It is neither the publisher's nor the bookseller's fault that R. H. books so often command a premium out of all proportion to their actual worth."—Edgar H. Wells (41A East 47, New York) lists in his October catalogue Swift's pamphlet on *The Dignity, Use and Abuse of Glass Bottles* (1715) which is timely.—There have been many inquiries in regard to a certain theatrical venture in Hoboken; those who wish more information can obtain a booklet about it by writing to Mr. E. S. Colling, Rialto Theatre, 118 Hudson Street, Hoboken, New Jersey, and enclosing five 2-cent stamps. This booklet is sold to the world at large for ten cents, but to first-edition collectors at $1.00. Therefore if you are a collector please say so and accept the usual penalty.—There will be a lively excitement among connoisseurs when the news gets round about the sale of the Jerome Kern collection, which is to be catalogued by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley himself as his farewell to the auction business. I don't suppose the population of the book world has ever surpassed Mr. Kennerley's genius for the niceties of the *catalogue raisonné* (a form of editing that requires excessively rare understanding of technicalities and sentimental subtleties.) Mr. Kern's extraordinary library was gathered by a collector who understands the humane values of books and knew how to keep quiet about the things that interested him.—I spoke of the (to me) two most amusing books of the season; among the most *powerful* will certainly be *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*.—A book of the sea that seemed to me notably honest and did not receive its due attention was Nordahl Grieg's *The Ship Sails On* (Knopf, 1927), translated from the Norwegian. The description of focsle life in a tramp steamer is not Washington Squareized, and could never be put on any stage. But I wish the translator wouldn't refer to a steamship as a *hooker*. A hooker (from the Dutch *howker*, I think) is always a sailing vessel, surely? This book is far too genuine to have had a large circulation.—The Simons and the Schusters, and probably rightly, are carrying a pressure of several atmospheres (as old Jules Verne loved to say) in regard to William Bolitho's forthcoming volume, of which I know nothing except this magnavox from Lincoln Schuster: "If this new book by Bolitho doesn't stir up the animals, then I am absolutely a Mongolian. Never was I so certain about talent of the first magnitude. The chapter on Casanova I have read three times and with a greater thrill at each reading."—The dedication of Ernst and Seagle's book on literary censorship (*To the Pure*) is "To the perplexed booksellers who, under the unknown rules of literary decency cannot insure themselves against imprisonment even by reading all the volumes on their shelves."—John Haynes Holmes writes that his Community Church will specially celebrate the Tolstoy centennial on Sunday, October 7: "The Community Church would be first among the churches of New York City in paying reverent salutation to the memory of a man who taught with supreme genius and lived with utter sacrifice the universal religion of peace and brotherhood."—Another fine way of celebrating the occasion would be if whoever (I don't remember) borrowed my copy of Tolstoy's *What I Believe* (in the little Oxford Press World's Classics series) would return it.

In my favorite weekly I find the following:

A college girl went to the Music Room of the Boston Public Library to get hold of a copy of *Variety*, which her English professor told her to look over.

The woman in charge said that someone else was reading it then, but went on to say: "You know there are so many refined people coming in to inquire for *Variety* that we have decided to bind the copies and keep them on file here."

I think I might add that for their deserved preservation to posterity the private publishing house of Henry and Longwell ("Publishers in Petto") is going to issue half a dozen of Jack Conway's best critiques in *Variety* in their de luxe limited series of Briefcase Breviaries.

Frederick O'Brien writes from Sausalito, California:

As to ginger beer, the taste of which I have not had in several years, it is best in the stone jars or bottles with the cord-tied cork. In Hongkong and Canton it was my favorite drink for long in the moist summertime. It was so foamy, keen, gingerooty. To enjoy it to the most there we took a pint glass, very cold, and poured in a jorum, two ounces, of prime Hollands, and a large lemon rind, and then upon these the full bottle of icy *stone ginger*. I once spent a sultry afternoon in Macao in the cave in which Camoens wrote some of his great verses, alone with his complete works, and the makings of a half dozen gin-and-stone-gingers. Even now Camoens means to me the bubbling and tang of a little, brown jugful of that temperance drink with a modicum of Bols, which, as you know, also comes in a stone bottle. To what heights I soared with Camoens! How lovely seemed that Macao cave! Prohibition has done little worse than to make such afternoons in California impossible. Stone ginger beer is unknown here, as is Bols. We have only the lemons.

Once, in the vanished years of the old *Evening Post*, we conducted a campaign to try to make ginger beer—yes, Stone Ginger as it is properly known—popular. Thank heaven it didn't succeed. The gross world is unworthy of such loveliness. But as long as there remain artists in living like Fred O'Brien, a cherished few who know the satisfactions of gin-and-ginger, the various tommyrot of earth need irk no stoic.

As explained before, we assigned a client to join the Sincere Friendship Club and enter into correspondence with its matrimonial postulants. We have been evesdropping—Adam and Evesdropping—over some of the letters, which are not at all a subject for cynic merriment. Our operative seems to have forgotten to ask her swains what were their tastes in reading, which was one of the objects of the inquiry; but matters far more deeply human have emerged. I have a pile of these letters in front of me, and we shall go into the topic more fully presently. But in the meantime I want to quote two letters from one wooer. I must ask you to take my word for it that these are genuine documents, and carry their own testimony to the student.

I.

I am very lonesome therefore very glad to receive your welcome letter. From 1914 to 1917 and during 1919-1920 I was living in New York City, but now I do like country better than city. I have chance to earn here decent living honest way and enjoy out of door life. I am craftsman making beautiful things of pearl which admired many people. I like Music, Art and also I like take care of animals birds and plants that why I like to live in country. I own shop and 35 acres of land with 2200 feet frontage of State highway. . . . I am not rich man all that I own at the present time worth about $5000 but am working and adding something every day to my property. I will very much appreciate home loving wife who will take interest in my life and I will do my best to make her happy. If decided to corespond with me then please send me description of you and your photo.

It is 11 p.m. beautiful moon shining outside. I was very busy today and please excuse me I am going to tell you the truth that I feel sleepy, so Good Night.

II.

I am 37 years old weight 172, height 5 feet 8 inches, have dark brown hair almost black, brown eyes. I am well built considered by my friends good looking man but I would rather let you judge youself about that. I herd many times compliments that I have atractive eyes. I have perfect healthy teeth and I am in good health. Am wearing mustache, dont use tobacco or liquors.

About what kind things am making I can hardly describe that you can clear understand, because the things am making they are mostly my original production and you never seen them before, except may be Parisian Fan which ribs made of pearl and the cloth embroidered with silk of beautiful design. I have one now among the other things on display in the windows of my shop. I will also take picture of it and send it to you to look at. Picture frames I making also in may different styles, some of them quite expensive that only rich people can afford to buy. I am also making jewellery boxes, Spanish combs and many other things of different kind pearl. I am not only artistically inclined but I am professional artist with more than twenty years of experiment. If you are know something about art then I hope you will realise from those designs the feeling and expression of my heart. I wish you was here and see all the things am making.

Dear Miss ———, I am very lonesome and anxious early marrige. Please write me long letter this time and tell me all about youself nothing but truth. With hope that you are the girl I was waited so long and now praying God to send me her soon because I am very lonesome.

You will not be silly enough to think that I quote these in any jocular spirit. Some of the letters in our client's collection are amusing enough; but I choose the above in a quite different spirit. I think the liberty we take is justified by that little glimpse of humanity.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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A Sublimated Puritan

THE most heroic display of courage in New England was not at Concord Bridge or Bunker Hill, but in Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Principal Mary Lyon had just made her announcement to the young ladies assembled in chapel that Christmas was to be celebrated as a fast. After she had awed—or bullied—the hesitant into acceptance, she asked—that is, dared—any dissenter to rise. And Emily Dickinson stood up.

Merely to be the solitary dissenter required courage enough. Unsympathetic eyes on every side, supported by stout authority, have driven many a college girl to surrender convictions that she had believed were laws of nature—and possibly were. Unsympathetic eyes on every side, without the official support, have caused many another to turn away from college broken-hearted. Emily Dickinson did not choose to conform. Nor did she decide to go home—except for a rebellious celebration of Christmas. Instead, in a little world where it was proper to think as the majority thought, and where the majority had much of its thinking done by somebody else, she dared to express the sense of fitness cherished by the minority.

But her courage was far greater than that necessitated by any mere rebellion against the established order. She sought to carry on a rebellion that was selective. Some of the established order she would keep, some of it she would discard. She was not warring, for instance, against religion; she was warring against the absurdities of religious practice that had attached themselves to the church. Her revolt was not against the whole of Puritanism; it was only against that part of Puritanism which she considered senseless and ugly and debasing. From what she found all about her she would select elements to meet her individual needs.

* * *

Three quarters of a century later it is still possible to see the hazard of her undertaking. America, after all, is in very much the same state of mind now that it was in then. It is easier than not—just as it was then—to participate in the opinion of the majority. A few bright catchwords that sum up favorable or unfavorable attitudes of mind are all the stock in trade required. Everything is labeled in fool-proof pigeon-holes: Radicals, Evolutionists, Wets, Fundamentalists, Prohibitionists, Highbrows, Puritans. In order to make anyone out an enemy of society it is only necessary to apply the right epithet with enough of a leer. To-day the Puritans happen to be the "outs"; the majority is fixed in its belief that nothing Puritan was ever important. In Emily Dickinson's day the Puritans happened to be the "ins"; the majority was just as fixed in its belief that everything Puritan had always been important. The pigeon-holes have been reranked. But the partitions have not been rearranged or broken down. When one professes to feel a little at home in a number of them—or in none at all—the world is aghast. Those who have incidentally pigeonholed themselves in the process of pigeonholing everybody else become warlike, or glacial, or contemptuous. How can busy people be expected to form an opinion of anybody who is not labeled? The first necessary step is to label her; the next, to keep her labeled.

And if the mere process was difficult, the material on which she was to exercise choice was more difficult still. In the Puritan spirit there was a confusing mixture of good and bad elements. The Puritan was hard—just how hard one may see by encountering certain of the New Englanders who have survived the Irish invasion. But his hardness made for simplicity; and simplicity is not without its advantages. He was forever shearing the complex down to austere fundamentals. There must be no over-ornateness in his houses—still among the most beautiful in America; or in his churches—quite the most beautiful still; or in his worship; or in his speech; or in his recreation. With a terrifying God in heaven, where was there any room on earth for sentimentality?

The Puritan carried himself mightily. If he did not display purple and scarlet in the grand manner, he at least wore the best broadcloth that money could buy. His linen and silver were the envy of everyone—he meant them to be—and they still are. And he required plenty of servants to do his firm will. But if he was haughty, he was also self-respectful. He admitted men's weaknesses—and women's—but he meant to be weak just as little as possible, and to say as little about it. Most of the time he could see himself well up in the scale toward his all-powerful God. It would not do for man — just lower than the angels—to flag in the performance of his high function.

The Puritan was remote. Many a timely interest has gone to an untimely grave because he refused to be disturbed. But he was also given to a very profitable "unworldly way of thinking about life." He was inclined to view things in the large. He might miss some of the petty irregularities of the nearer landscape, but he rarely failed to make a fair estimate of the horizon. He built his house only when he was able to have the kind of a house a man of dignity ought to occupy. With that house in view, it did not so much matter whether the intervening years were perfect or not.

He was sorely deficient, too, in his understanding of pleasure. He reasoned—so it seems—that because tinsel is sometimes of a parcel with pleasure, everything pleasurable must therefore be tinsel. But if he was unsensitive to the need of pure recreation, he was aware of the buoyance that comes from get-

EMILY DICKINSON
From a little-known picture

ting the essential business of the world done in good order. If he did not know the ecstasy of sweeping along just for the sheer joy of it, he did know the somewhat solemn satisfaction of having earned his bread without resorting to graft, of having given bread to those in need, and of having maintained a proportion in life that saved him from remorse.

Now when the mere exercise of choice was something to make one tremble, and when the choice was to be made from a vast array of such elements as these, could Emily Dickinson make headway? Could she save the simplicity without too much of the hardness? Could she maintain an unfailing respect for herself yet remain honestly humble? Might she enjoy a little of earth while waiting for all of heaven? Could she scrutinize an entire accepted order, take what her conscientious self dictated, and forget the rest?

No one would say that she surrounded herself with a world that was profuse. She knew little enough about what was going on in Boston or New York or London or Paris. But it was a world full of intimate reality. Right in her own house there was a diversified family to understand. Her father was a stern, well-dressed gentleman—a lawyer and a member of Congress—who got up from his chair and walked silently out of the house when Emily said or did anything that he disapproved. In her own words, his heart was "pure and terrible." She missed her brother Austin when he was away because there was no one else who appreciated jokes and poetry so well. Her father, she explained to Austin, seemed to believe that about everything was "real life." Her mother was somewhat overshadowed by a strong-willed husband. But she had neuralgia, and in other submissive ways provided Emily with something precious to think about. Emily baked the family bread—because her father was disinclined to eat that baked by anyone else. Emily made choice cakes and puddings. Emily made ice cream. Emily followed the activities of their two dozen hens with a housewife's anxiety. Once she called attention to the fact that the twenty-four would "do nothing so vulgar as lay an egg."

Her family, too, included sister Lavinia. She was fascinating, coquettish. When relatives arrived unexpectedly at meal time, Lavinia could command a resourcefulness that became legendary. She could hold off troops of admiring Amherst College students with a fine skill that made them tenfold more restless in their contemplation of her. No one can look at her photograph without a complete understanding of the symphony of sighs she created in a college town. She was, according to Emily—or perhaps Emily's mother—capable of demoralizing the life of a dog. And the dog would enjoy the experience. She heartened the whole household. "I, you must know," she once remarked to a neighbor, "am the family inflater. One by one the members of my household go down, and I must inflate them."

And above all, as it turned out, there was Susan Gilbert Dickinson, Austin's wife. Somewhere out of the heaven that sometimes sends good to men—and incidentally to women—Susan one day appeared. For the rest of Emily's lifetime, Susan was to be the great understanding spirit that called for more and more poetry. When she arrived in Amherst as a bride she created a disturbance. She was accused of metropolitan ways and of worshipping strange gods. But the town, and not Sue, had to surrender. She was irresistible. The elder Dickinson found that she made better coffee than he could get at home. And Emily, long after she had completely withdrawn herself from the broader thoroughfares of the world, kept the path bright to Sister Sue's house.

* * *

When the family of individualists was not claiming her personal attention, she had letters to write. Letters gave her opportunity to assume all sorts of fantastic rôles. She signed herself "Poor Plover," "Vinnie's Sister," "Your very sincere and *wicked* friend," "Your Scholar," "Marchioness," "Your Gnome," "Your 'Rascal,'" "Barabbas," "Modoc," "Emilie." For her correspondence was carried on with men and women who called for ingenious powers of adaptation: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Holland, Mr. Samuel Bowles, Judge Otis P. Lord, Maria Whitney, Louisa and Fannie Norcross, Helen Hunt. And she outdid herself in flirtatiousness in her letters to Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Upstairs in the singing quiet of her own room, she could be as brave as anyone. To write to somebody far, far off was almost as simple as expressing oneself out into space—or into the great capaciousness of Sister Sue's heart. No inharmonious resistance deterred her. She devised valentines; she discussed religion—sometimes gravely, sometimes cheerfully, sometimes whimsically; she offered congratulations to the victorious, and sent pathetically beautiful notes to those who had suffered; and she characterized with unforgettable detail the most intimate and the most remote members of her family. She characterized herself. She might, she thought, be the belle of Amherst—so she confided to Mrs. Strong—by the time she was seventeen. She wondered—on another occasion—if she were not Eve. Why not? she asked. Since there is no record of Eve's death, might it not be true? By the time she was thirty-one and had been stared at when not dressed in her more usual calicoes, she was revealing her own awareness that she had become a character in the eyes of the people about her. "Won't you please tell 'the public' that at present I wear a brown dress with a cape if possible browner, and carry a parasol of the same!" A year later (1862) she included in a letter to Colonel Higginson the sketch of herself by which she was later to become known: "I am small, like the wren; and my hair is bold, like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves."

If her family and her letters were not claiming her devotion, she could observe Amherst village, and such other parts of the world as might come into view. When she still attended church, there was

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by Rollo Walter Brown

opportunity to regard the world in miniature while the minister sought in prolonged effort to make the earth so full of terrors that anybody would be glad to escape to heaven. She went to Northampton to hear Jenny Lind, and enjoyed the bewilderment of her austere father who listened beside her—to the Jenny Lind who carried away from Northampton for this recital four thousand dollars plus expenses. She enjoyed the excitement of a village fire; she found days of ecstasy in one glimpse of a circus in the street. She watched the miracle of the aurora borealis, the miracle of every new night and new day, the miracle of the marching seasons. She watched the industrial age come to her dooryard. She saw the whole tragedy of the Civil War in the funeral of one Amherst boy killed in battle.

She made only a few excursions out into the noisy world, and these were not inviting enough to be kept up. There were glorious things to see, but everybody seemed to be hurrying and nobody thinking. And from one of these trips she returned with a new terrifying problem. She had met a man who brought the great storm to her heart, as she did to his. It was better to keep close to one's doorstep.

But like every sensitive soul, she could learn much from little. She invited a singer in a church choir to come and sing for her. The young woman came, with her brother and sister. Emily stayed upstairs to listen. But later, in the library, she told the young woman that she had not met the brother, but that she distinguished his whistle as he trudged along the street. Family conversation, snatches of life that floated upstairs to her when visitors were below, the sight of people as they went about their daily chores, the commentary of the Springfield *Republican*—from such sources her expectant mind caught up as much of the narrative of contemporary life as she required.

* * *

But such a little world! Such a pity that one with so capacious and faring a soul should not have lived a life more expansive!

Yet, after all, did she miss anything of importance? Did she miss anything by electing to remain in seclusion? She did not think so. She enjoyed the monastic peace. A thoughtful neighbor, young and responsive to the open air, once asked Lavinia why she did not induce Emily to go out a little. "But why should I?" Lavinia answered. "She is quite happy and contented as she is. I would only disturb her." And the cosmopolitan point of view was something she was not fearful about. Anyhow, did one acquire it simply by running toward the point of greatest clamor? Yonder, across the hills, a nation was busy with "progress." An industrial age was remaking everything in a hurry. A new political age had developed unawares; the men who had grown up with the Constitution were gone and their successors were now trying to decide whether the Constitution stood for cohesion or disintegration. Men and women were hastening away by thousands to pursue some end of the rainbow in the Mississippi valley or on the Pacific slope. College undergraduates were everywhere debating the question, "Resolved, that the man of action is more important than the man of thought," and the affirmative was the popular side of the question. She preferred the quiet room upstairs, thank you, and the path under the elms to Sister Sue's house, and her unmolested opportunity to listen to the winds and the rain and the birds, and to see the apple blossoms come and the cherries ripen and the maple leaves turn to flame on the mountainside. Why did people want things so dreadfully cluttered up? Why did they enjoy taking so many steps to get nowhere? For after they had spent a life on the rumbling treadmill, who among them could stand forth and point to any real progress he had made?

Or had she missed anything by renouncing the orthodox trappings of Puritanism? Always she had possessed the Puritan's capacity for self-discipline; if she had willed she could have brought her own spirit, rebellious and whimsical as it was, into subjection. But now in the twentieth century eclipse of the Puritan spirit it is easier than not to see how fatal such subjection would have been. She was not by nature an orthodox person; not even the seclusion of an orthodox convent would have satisfied her. Ready-made organizations were not designed to make her feel at home. Nothing could be conceived more foreign to rightness than an Emily Dickinson who dressed with pretentious conformity, carried a hymn-book to church every Sunday, voiced approval of a God who took infinite delight in punishing his children, and as a repressed little old maid offered commentary on the trivialities of the oncoming generation? It is sacrilege even to think of it. One grand final heartbreak would have been heaven for her compared with such a slow death of torture.

Or did she miss anything important when she refused to rush into a renunciation of the whole of Puritanism? Suppose at Philadelphia when she met face to face the one man—a young husband—who swept her into an unpeaceful sea, she had adopted the immediately easy formula that one must live one's life regardless of whom it kills. Suppose she had proclaimed with a grand flourish of feline selfishness that she knew no law other than that of her own nature, and had fled with the young husband—as much overwhelmed as she—when he pursued her to Amherst. As a mere matter of ability later to salvage anything acceptable from what the earth had

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Rollo Walter Brown, whose study of Emily Dickinson is here presented, is a member of the English Department of Harvard University and the author of articles and books which have commanded wide attention. The present essay is to form one of a group to be issued in book form in the spring by Coward-McCann. Earlier books of Mr. Brown include "How the French Boy Learns to Write" (Harvard University Press), "The Creative Spirit—An Inquiry into American Life" (Harpers), and "Dean Briggs" (Harpers).

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to offer, would she have been ahead? It was all tragic enough, in any event. But would it not require a gross mind to say that for such a sensitive soul as hers there would have been a grand total of more satisfaction in having had her own way at the bitter expense of somebody else? Where would she have found anything more to be cherished than the integrity of spirit that sprang from the uncomplicated memory of the experience, the even-tempered contemplation of what a more friendly fate might have brought to her, and the firm putting aside of the ordinary for the sake of the ideal?

* * *

But above every other word of testimony that might be adduced, stand her own poems. She is the perfect instance of a writer whose poems are more intimate than letters. In her poems she dealt with matters so close to her that she could mention them only in the impersonal—and then guard the manuscript throughout a lifetime. And these poems reveal no pathetic creature to be pitied by the champions of some expanded life. Things were flitting away, certainly; but did one catch more of them by rushing about trying to encompass them all at once? Things were not passing in such torrential chaos that one had to let go in a great spontaneous yowl or go down unexpressed. When one began to push the non-essentials out of the way, life became warm and tense and endless. Then there was "a lonesome fluency abroad, like suspended music."

She made—we cannot escape the discovery in her poems—more than a scientist's acquaintance with nature. She lived in an exciting world of iris and orioles and daffodils and cocoons and butterflies and robins and snakes and daisies and clouds and sunsets and snow and hemlocks and dews and wells and mountains and lightning and revolving planets. She became more and more philosopher and made shrewd observations on greatness and littleness; on the demoralizing effect of too much joy; on the joylessness of those who have never wanted; on the comeliness of victory to those who have never won; on the air of improbability surrounding the story that one has actually lived; on the singular way men have of showing more respect for a corpse than for a living person; on pain; on peace; on the attitude of the undiscerning toward the discerning; on the completeness of death; on immortality. She was at once an entranced cousin of Fabre and a sweet-tempered distant relative of Schopenhauer.

In her poetry, too, one discovers her great intimacy with her own spiritual life. So much did she live with hope and skepticism and love and pain and death and birth and friendship and labor and the outlook for immortality that she was more at home with them than anywhere else. They were so much a matter of daily concern that when she wrote about them they became the daily concern of anyone who would read. Two score years after her death, a poetic young lady whose knowledge of ancient literature did not extend back to Grover Cleveland's first administration, received from the hands of an old man of forty-five a copy of Emily Dickinson's Complete Poems. She accepted the volume dutifully and dropped on to the sofa to leaf it through. She chanced to open it at the section entitled "Time and Eternity." She was mildly amused. Then she forgot to smoke. Then she sat up and read as if she had made a discovery. "Why—hell!" she exclaimed, half amazed, half enthusiastic. "These are wonderful. I am going to write some religious things myself."

Naturally out of this intimate spiritual life that Emily Dickinson lived, there developed an immediacy of approach to everything. No indirectness blurred her impressions. "If I read a book," she told Colonel Higginson, "and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?" Her approach to the most baffling, the most sublime matter, was just as direct:

> "Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
> Hast thou no arm for me?"

Death and God and pain and hope were tremendous considerations, but they were nothing to get panicky about. "She would have been quite capable," declared her niece, "of offering God her sweetest flower or her frailest fern, sure of His acceptance." If reality rubbed elbows with one all the time, why should one be afraid of it?

She achieved freedom. Sometimes the Hound of Heaven pursued her; but not for long. For she would turn on him and say such unanswerable things to him that he looked shamefacedly away and wondered why he had been pursuing her at all. She could take liberties unafraid. She could be fantastic, caustic, coquettish, piteous, loving, grave, humble, worshipful, without leaving anyone convinced that she had gone too far. She discovered that her own modest, reconstructed soul was just as much to be relied upon as souls that were less reconstructed, and less modest.

So natural was her freedom—freedom in contemplation, freedom in manner—that those who found unfreedom comfortable did not discover that she was free at all; she had not kicked loose with enough of a flourish. Thomas Bailey Aldrich could find only intermittent flashes of imagination in her, and thought her admirers had mistaken a simple New England bluebird for a nightingale. But as it became more and more fashionable to seek freedom—even though somewhat rapaciously—it became easier to see how she had been, and is, and for long will continue to be a source of faith for those who would find the fullest intensity and highest honesty of their own spirits.

* * *

It was a world worth making for oneself—and others. Things in that world were transubstantiated into pure poetry, pure significance. We have now come to believe that it was a romantic world. Something that refuses to become sentimentality, yet something that even the disillusioned think upon as aromatic of old lavender, clings to the story of the slight little woman who secluded herself for a quarter of a century or more, and then slipped quietly from the earth, leaving the old mahogany bureau full of poems that were some day to gladden thousands of understanding hearts. But for the soul that had to save itself from both Puritanism and Puritanism's antipathy, and that had to resist being warped into something resentful and ugly by a practical society, it was more than old lavender; it was myrrh and it was hyssop.

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Books of Special Interest

Civil War Letters

WAR LETTERS, 1862-1865, of JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY and JOHN CODMAN ROPES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $7.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

IT would be interesting to know whether any one today writes such long, detailed, and worthwhile letters about himself and his doings as Worthington C. Ford, the indefatigable and incomparable editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has here collected. From the moment when Gray, destined to be for forty years one of the most distinguished professors of the Harvard Law School, entered the Union army, where he became in due course a major and judge advocate, he poured out upon his friend Ropes, who continued his law practice at Boston, a veritable stream of correspondence of varied content, to which Ropes replied with another stream equally varied and considerably more substantial. Neither, however, descended to disquisition, and the letters keep throughout the informal and familiar tone which distinguishes good letter-writing from other form of narration. By the time the war was over and the friends were reunited, the correspondence, including a few letters to members of Gray's family, had run to what is now five hundred pages of print.

Gray, who appears to have gone to the front in a hurry in October, 1862, and who had some difficulty in getting his commission straightened out and connecting with his regiment, does not seem to have taken the war any too seriously at first, and to the end was repeatedly turning from his military duties to his reading. One of his first requests for supplies from home calls for a copy of Juvenal along with two gallons of whiskey and other drinkables, and there is a later call for Browning's poems "in blue and gold or any as small form." Off Charleston he varies Marmont's "Military Institutes" with Homer at fifty lines a day, reads St. Paul's Epistles, and sets down his thoughts about salvation and the "almost impregnable fortress" of Calvinism. Both Gray and Ropes were keenly interested in theology, and the merits of "Campbell on the Atonement" and Farrar's "Critical History of Free Thought" jostle descriptions of marches and engagements and accounts of dinners in camp and reports on the progress and prospects of the ladies at home. Here and there is a good story, among them that of a Mrs. Wallace, "a second Wife of Bath," who had married four times, and whose many petitions for authority to resume her maiden name led a member of the Florida legislature to move that she be allowed to take her maiden name once a year.

Both Ropes and Gray were long critical of Lincoln, and the "radicals" who sought to use the war as a means of abolishing slavery. Ropes, writing in December, 1863, about the McDowell court-martial and the investigation of the Peninsula campaign, speaks of Lincoln as acting "like a devilish fool, throughout, in the military administration of the campaign," and declares that if McClellan, instead of allowing the President to "do what he pleased," had brought him up "with a short turn" and appealed to the country, "the asinine folly of the Illinois lawyer taking the military command out of the hands of his ablest generals would have been exposed." As late as August, 1864, on the eve of the presidential election, Gray, who was disposed to vote for Lincoln, remarks that Lincoln was bound in honor by the emancipation proclamation, and asks if Ropes does not thing "it would have been better for Abraham to have worked less for expediency and have done what was constitutional and right, would not honesty have been better policy than those crooked ways by which he sought to cheat his own conscience and that of the North by his sophistries of military power?"

One of the most important contributions of these letters is their account of the inception of Ropes's "Story of the Civil War," the work which, though unfortunately left incomplete, placed its author in the front rank of military historians. Ropes had already been writing voluminously and in masterly fashion about both Union and Confederate operations when, in September, 1863, he confided to Gray that some friends "have suggested to me—for the idea never occurred to me—the idea of writing a History of this War." The thing seemed to him "formidable enough to be well-nigh absurd, at first sight," but it nevertheless "resolves itself into a certainly practicable plan," and he proceeded to outline his reasons for thinking that the work ought to be done. The statement of his own qualifications which immediately follows is a real contribution to literary history:

> I might say that I am one of that class from whom must come such a book, if it comes at all, and is worth anything—education, sympathy with the war and with the government, long attention to American Politics, and familiarity with them greater, I may say, than most young men in my position possess, a pretty fair acquaintance with general history, especially with military history, some smattering in military matters, art of war, etc., careful study of this war from the first, and very considerable familiarity with the details of some parts of it, the Peninsula campaign especially, the fact of having had a brother and many good friends in the war enabling me to realize the scenes in which they were engaged as well as anyone perhaps could, not a participant therein, sufficient legal knowledge to understand the legal and constitutional questions of the war, and of the policy of the government, able from several sources to get at all that need be said about the financial questions of the rebellion, and to all these I will add a pretty fair and impartial mind, and entire freedom from any bias that would disqualify me from being an impartial judge in any of these matters.

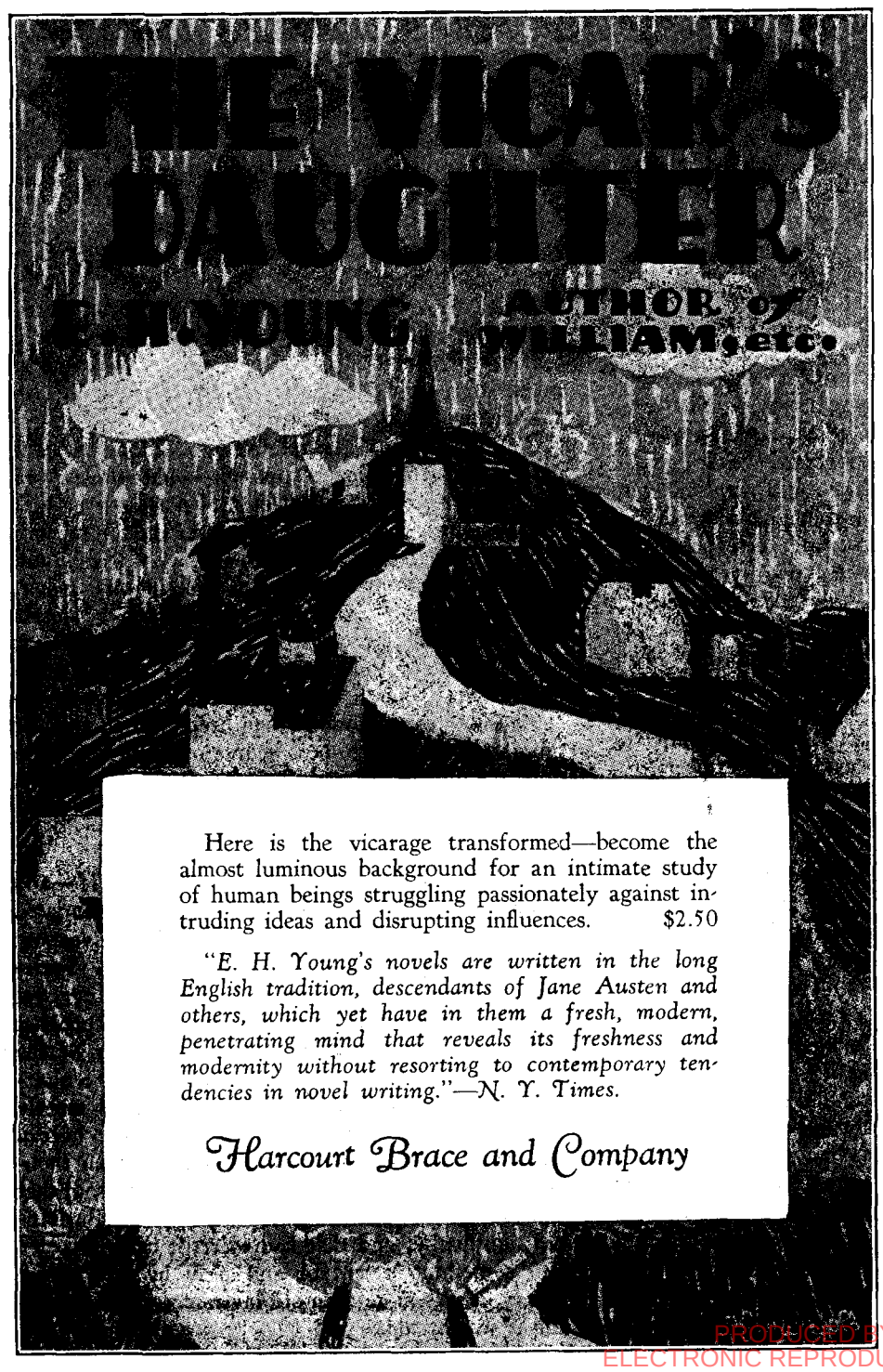
Gray promptly commended the plan, but warned Ropes not to try to do the work in a hurry. The book should be one to stand the test of time, and it would be years before a great deal of important material would be available. Ropes, on the contrary, felt the need of haste. "If I take your advice," he wrote to Gray, *it is absolutely certain that I shall have formidable competitors, perhaps a Motley or some such man. If on the contrary I write a two volume book published in 1864, I am almost as absolutely certain that no Motley or any other well known man of established literary reputation will enter the field. I shall have to contend against the Headleys and Whitneys and J. S. C. Abbotts of the day, against blood and thunder, the gallant Ellsworth, bayonet charges, fire zouaves, and black horse cavalry. These militia I think I can rout, and have the first place in the estimate of Boston and Cambridge and the intelligent public generally.* Fortunately for Ropes's fame Gray's advice prevailed, and more than thirty years elapsed before the first volume of the great history appeared.

A Scholar's Essays

THE COLLECTED PAPERS OF HENRY BRADLEY, with a Memoir by R. ROBERT BRIDGES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928.

HENRY BRADLEY was a scholar by nature and not by environment. His father was a business man in reduced circumstances. He learned to read before he was four by standing in front of his father at family prayers and watching the pages of the Bible upside down as they were read, whereby, for many years, he could read a page either end up equally well. At eighteen he became corresponding clerk to a cutlery firm, and remained with them twenty years, acquiring languages by the way. For the remaining forty years he worked for the Oxford Dictionary, at first incidentally, but for the last twenty-seven years at Oxford wholly identified with that monumental affair. He made himself one of the greatest philologists of his time, a scholar of the foremost rank.

Aside from the six volumes which he contributed to the dictionary, his bibliography consists almost entirely of articles and reviews in periodicals, most of them technical. His friends have selected a few of them, suggesting the range of his interest, and published them. The essays are practically all philological, and are grouped under headings. Place Names begins with "Ptolemy's Geography of the British Isles"; Lexicography contains his notable review (1884) of the first instalment of the dictionary—on reading which Sir James Murray immediately invited Bradley to join the staff. He did not do so at once, but his participation from that time on increased until the day when he succeeded Murray as senior editor. In the group Language, three of the five essays are concerned with the spelling and pronunciation. Bradley believed in spelling reform, but was opposed to any radical change based on phonetic principles. English is the most unsuited of European tongues to be written phonetically. His discussion of the subject is one of the sanest that we know. Among Literary Problems and Studies the most interesting is the lecture on "Beowolf." The examples of his Conjectural Emendations of text run through Hebrew, Arabic, Greek inscriptions, medieval Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and down to Elizabethan drama.



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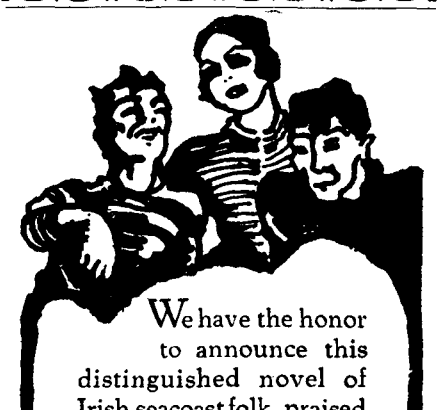

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The author of *The Time of Man* has written a gay and mocking farce. The same scene that called forth *Babbitt* and *The Great American Bandwagon* is here viewed through the eyes of a woman and poet. The result is a travesty on modern civilization and a fantastic tale of romance in the adventures of a twentieth century *Gulliver*. "Wisdom in motley—Miss Roberts has cast her typewriter over the new moon and set out on a novelist's holiday, as gay as a cricket, as sprightly as a green grasshopper."—MARY ROSS, *New York Herald Tribune* $2.00

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By H. A. MANHOOD

With these sixteen tales of horror and beauty, a new young English writer has become one of the notable finds of the season. Arnold Bennett says: "He observes life afresh, he has a style as to whose fundamental excellence there can hardly be two opinions, he has a genuine, an appealing, a touching sense of beauty, and his imaginative power is sometimes simply tremendous." $2.50

HAFIZ, The Tongue of the Hidden

in Rubaiyat by CLARENCE K. STREIT

Omar Khayyam is known to every reader of English but Hafiz, his successor and superior in Persian poetry, has remained almost unknown. Hafiz has had to wait long for a translator comparable to Omar's FitzGerald; those who have read Clarence Streit's new version are convinced that he has found him at last and will now attain the popularity of Omar.

Printed in two colors. $2.00

THE VIKING PRESS · NEW YORK

Books of Special Interest

1927 in Review

A BOOK OF LONG STORIES. Edited by ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. 3.50.

FIFTEEN FINEST SHORT STORIES. Edited by JOHN COURNOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $2.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927. Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. $2.50.

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1927. Edited by ARTHUR WAUGH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.

Reviewed by JOHAN SMERTENKO

CONTEMPORARY writers of short stories, even more than novelists, are wont to solace themselves and impugn their critics with the argument that the work which we now acclaim as masterly was in its own time condemned as inadequate and inferior. Yet, whatever truth there may be in the charge that the ancient critics stinted the recognition due to the artists of their day—and there is less substance than sustention for this charge—it ought to be obvious that the converse is not necessarily true. One need but compare the best of our short stories with the highest achievements of the past to see the vast difference between the properly dispraised moderns and the allegedly disprized masterpieces.

In a measure our magazines are responsible for this difference. Though Mr. Dreiser's "Free" did appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*, it is safe to say that to-day neither the *Post* nor the *Dial* nor any magazine between would accept the truly great stories of those included in Mr. Nethercot's volume for precisely those qualities which give them their distinction. For reasons best known to themselves our editors have determined that the temper of the times does not admit the leisurely narrative. And the writers of brief fiction, again more than the novelists, are obliged to conform to editorial policy. Hence the digressive exposition, the furtive epigram, and the playful irrelevancy which give magnitude to the tales of Mr. Nethercot's anthology even when the plots are often thin and obvious and completely lacking in the equally thin and obvious half-hundred "best" stories chosen by discerning and discriminating editors from last year's magazine output in Great Britain and America.

Nor is this due to the peculiar excellence of Mr. Nethercot's selection. As a matter of fact the choice—guided undoubtedly by the circumstanc that the work is intended as a sort of text-book and confined to tales in the English language—is neither strikingly original nor particularly happy. It is as hard to understand the editor's omission of Washington Irving as his inclusion of the more common than representative samples of the art of Mrs. Wharton, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Conrad. But there are a half-dozen stories which would make any collection notable, and six more that are thoroughly worth reading.

The anthology of Mr. Cournos, on the other hand, does contain at least twelve of the most distinguished short stories ever written, whose distinction lies as much in the masterly development of plot as in that profound apperception of life which is art. They can indeed be presented to our writers as models of this fiction form. Yet, in a strict sense, they are not models at all, for they are vividly original in themselves and allow of no imitation by others. They are as unique as a canvass of da Vinci.

To turn to Mr. O'Brien's collection after "Long Stories" is actually depressing. One seeks for something meaty or moving or memorable and finds . . . Well, there is, to be sure, Ernest Hemingway, who adds to the magnetic appeal of any fad the dramatic quality of that little-recognized elementary virtue, honesty. "The Killers," an empty tale withal, is one of his best examples of truth's superiority as fiction, where the shock of anticipating nothing at all is even greater than the thrill of Dunsany's ominously thumping gods. Then there is Roark Bradford's sardonic fantasy, "Child of God," none-the-less stinging for all its dark laughter; and James Hopper's succinct study; and, finally, Harold Brecht's effective variation on the old theme of indulgent wives and self-sacrificing husbands.

But the bulk of the book is trash. Sherwood Anderson contributes a mystic monologue and Joseph Hergesheimer a trivial and tepid excursion into socio-psychology. Three tales of horror done according to formula, and a batch of almost indistinguishable gum drops of cloying sentimentalism complete the collection. "A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one," writes Mr. O'Brien in his introduction's desperate defense of a volume that indicates an especially unexceptional year.

So does "Georgian Stories, 1927." The list of contributors is appetizing enough. Aumonier, Beresford, Coppard, Delafield, Kaye-Smith, O'Flaherty, Sitwell, Stern, and others equally gustable! But only Mary Butts and Storm Jameson, Martin Armstrong and William Gerhardi, offer *pièces de résistance*, and the men are far more generous. The rest with frill and decoration, strong smell and exotic flavor serve one an aspic, another a compote, the third a brioche—but mainly tripe and sea-kale.

Rejected Stories

REJECTIONS OF 1927. Edited by CHARLES H. BAKER JR. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

THIS book has been advertised as "stories the editors won't let you read," and, as its title states, its contents has been chosen from manuscripts that for some reason or other failed to meet the "present needs" of the principal magazines. An editor, contends Mr. Baker, is both "autocrat and slave".

While he is an autocrat over the fate of a manuscript, he is often a slave to his circulation and his advertising departments. The fact that such slavery is good business for the magazine does not alter the fact that it is a form of slavery.

Here we have fourteen stories, some of which are by writers who have usually found no difficulty in periodical publication. Here is Ben Ames Williams with a rough-hewn tragedy, "Drye-Kye," a grim story, certainly not too grim for our own delectation. Mary Heaton Vorse's "No Thoroughfare," treating of a colored girl who could "pass" for white, and involving a possible problem of miscegenation, would have obvious terrors for the magazine editor. Yet it is sincerely, if not altogether convincingly written. "Fog" by Ruth Cross presents unsparingly the unfaithful husband. Here is a writer new to us, and a story it has been hard for us to forget—though with a technical point in it that waked a doubt in our mind. "Corpus Fugit," by J. P. McEvoy, combining drink and grisly death in a rather vulgar manner, and "Thirsty Mary," a study in animalism, would naturally be ruled out of magazines that go into the home. The latter, however, is quite well written.

Gouverneur Morris's "Glamour" would certainly not appeal to Puritans, though it is told with delicacy. But in magazine stories the occasional insanities caused in the best-regulated people by the desire of the flesh are not admitted as possible. Ferrin Fraser's "Three Ladies in Love" is mere farce, with inconsiderably naughty touches that are not disagreeable. But it is when we reach Cyril Hume's "Standing Afar Off" that we really wonder at editors. This is a memorable and moving story. And if Mary Knox's language is a bit frank and free at times, it bears the stamp of authenticity. However, Arthur Schnitzler's story of the tragedy of the actor upon whom a practical joke was played, and Emerson Low's study of a little French girl who loved not wisely, are also among the keystones of the corner, chiefly because they refer to the fact that abroad men have mistresses and that even men in war may engage in temporary affairs unfortunate to those with devoted hearts. Of course Edwina Stanton Babcock's "Prestige", original as it is, was "told by a turtle," and talking animals are usually looked at askance. Then we have "Touché" by Mildred Cram and Ruth Tobey, a well-managed story of crime and double death, with a clever twist at the end. But, dear editors, *this* is not sex! It is simply an out-and-out thriller, rather more craftsmanlike than most. We can't understand your objection to it. As for "Semper Fidelis," by Seth Clarkson, it is comedy built around the kind of philandering that everyone knows is common enough in an army, even in an army of occupation. There could be no harm in it, save to prudes.

To sum up: by three of its stories, anyway, Mr. Baker's editorship is justified, and most of the stories are more interesting than the average magazine product. We hope in another year he can give us another collection as good.

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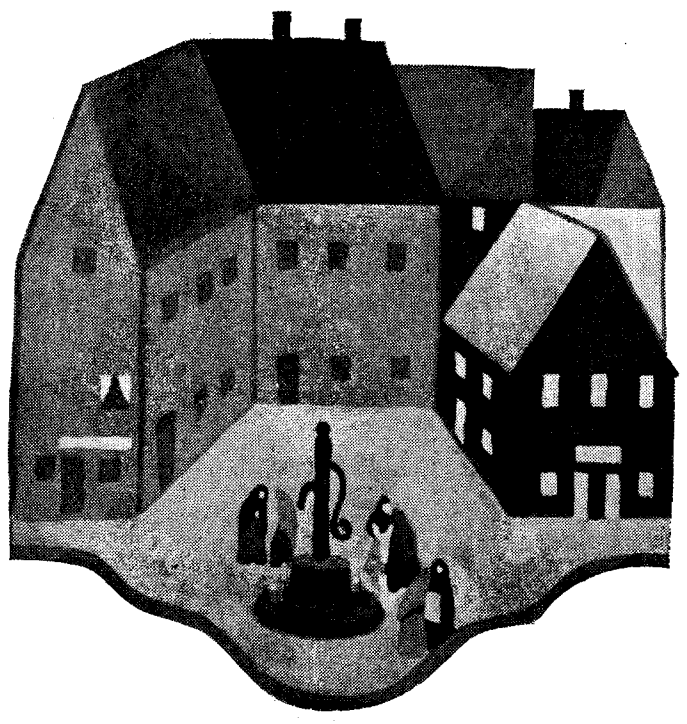

If the village pump could speak . . . what a tale it would tell gleaned from the confidences, the whispered gossip of the women who daily visit it! The life of a whole community, all there is in it of meanness or nobility would be bared—the characters of its inhabitants, their petty faults, their greater sins, their longings and aspirations.

For Knut Hamsun the pump has spoken. How otherwise could he reproduce with such fidelity *this Norwegian fishing town*? How breathe this vivid life into its inhabitants? Here they all are: Johnsen of the Wharfside, shipping magnate and double Consul, the new-rich Olsen, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Postmaster, with such lesser beings as Jörgen Fisherman, and Mattis, the Carpenter. And affecting the lives of all is that strange figure of tragedy and comedy, Oliver, the maimed sailor.

With these as his material, their adulteries, thefts, struggles, failures, triumphs, Knut Hamsun has made an absorbing story. It is a story which for all its quiet theme has a strangely bizarre quality, for something sinister glows at its heart as it surges onward like a ship with fire battened under hatches. And in Oliver, Hamsun has achieved one of the most effective grotesques in modern fiction.

THE WOMEN AT THE PUMP

By KNUT HAMSUN

Author of "Growth of the Soil"

Translated by Arthur G. Chater. $3.00

Alfred A. Knopf BORZOI BOOKS **Publisher-N-Y-**

Fall Books

THIS Fall's output of children's books is surprisingly large—or else the publishers have decided that all their eggs must be cooked by the September sun! Never before has our "Bookshop" had its shelves filled so early and so completely. But although this puts difficulties up to any reviewing medium, it does give us reviewers, as well as the librarians, bookshop workers, etc., a fine chance for a bird's-eye view and a more intelligent selection.

The output is truly impressive. The good kinds of books seem to us better and in each case more numerous than in the past, the poor types better—and fewer! The repetitions "series" do not seem quite so much in evidence. Boys' books have wandered widely from the boarding-school or home-town, and are gathering good green moss in many corners of the world. Girls' books show a real attempt at a greater reality—and are fewer! The folklore volumes are many and in the main well done as to make-up and content, showing a striking development in beauty of illustration. In fact, the old picture book of blaring pages has now been pretty thoroughly superseded by the new picture book of fine processes by fine artists, and this truly creative impulse extends through all juvenile illustration. The truth of the matter is that the children's book departments now general in the larger publishing houses with "intelligent young women" at their head, the children's bookshops, children's departments in libraries, children's libraries, and reviewing mediums, all have united in establishing a higher standard.

In short, though a great deal of "stuff" and "junk" rolls in as usual, our function is even more interesting on the credit side this Fall than we expected it to be.

Reviews

THE TROJAN BOY. By HELEN COALE CREW. Illustrated by Richard H. Rodgers. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

THE *retelling of old legends must be* justified in each case by a new and significant approach. Mrs. Crew has sought to give the Homeric scene concreteness in a modern child's eyes by approaching it through the life of a Trojan child. The story is of a boy's growing to manhood during the siege of Troy. Its connection with the incidents of the Iliad is governed by what such a boy might be likely to see. Mrs. Crew is thus free to pick and choose from the Illiad without covering its scope.

This plan provides excellent opportunity for conveying Greek *mores* palatably and vividly. Food, clothing, manner of life are carefully detailed. Particularly worthy of *note are a visit to the temple of Æsculapius*, a pilgrimage up Mount Ida, and a most Vergilian passage on an outdoor meal in a sheltered cove. But there is no mention of athletics, which played so important a part in Greek life; and though the details of religious observance are given carefully, one doubts whether the child is made sufficiently familiar with the very definite personalities of Greek mythology. Should not the legend of the Apple of Discord, the root and cause of the war, have been integrated into the story precisely because it *is so familiar*? The omission of it leaves unmotivated Aphrodite's rescue of Paris from his combat with Menelaus. The casual mention of this event is thus likely to leave the child merely puzzled. There are similar lapses in Mrs. Crew's style. Though she has not attempted systematic reproduction of Homeric language, there are occasional isolated examples of Greek word order which are both perplexing and misleading.

The thread of incident is less successful than the detail. It is too nearly a series of unrelated events. Either more of Homer or more invented story would have given the progress and frank excitement that we miss. As Paidon grows up, however, and shares more in the mighty events going on about him, the story improves. Certainly the taking and burning of Troy have no lack of vividness.

The book leaves the question whether the attitude of mind that Mrs. Crew has conveyed belongs to the era she has chosen. We feel ourselves far from Homer's robust giants. Nor are we nearer to that Periclean age that we more usually think of as Greek. Instead what emerges chiefly is a Hellenistic stoicism which is not wise, perhaps, to let a child picture as essentially either Trojan or Greek.

Mr. Rodger's illustrations are so good that we wish there were more.

THE WEAVER OF THE FROST. By KEN NAKAZAWA. Illustrated by S. MIZUNO. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927.

Reviewed by WITTER BYNNER

THIS book of Japanese folk-stories comes from two youngsters, the story teller and the illustrator, Ken Nakazawa and S. Mizuno, aged eight and twelve. Except that the title story, coming first in the volume, is the least interesting part of its contents, the material has been admirably put together, and would do credit to a much older narrator and a much more experienced artist. Childen should be delighted to have these tales brought to them in simple and sympathetic language. Many of us will remember Japanese fairy-tales printed in tiny booklets of rice paper, but not nearly so charming in their literary as in their physical form. The stories were crudely told and, for the most part, alien to our understanding. Now comes a Japanese boy with enough understanding of both races so that he has made the fairy stories intelligible to us. An American reader, for instance, will easily feel, in the story, "One Laugh Too Many," a kinship between Fleami, the tiny tree-frog, and Bre'r Rabbit. Master Nakazawa is to be complimented and thanked for his performance.

GIRLS WHO DID. By HELEN FERRIS and VIRGINIA MOORE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by LUCY BARTLETT

"I CAN'T tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

"Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral."

This is where Miss Ferris and Miss Moore have done a good job. There was a moral to their tale, and they were wise enough not to—if you won't mind the pun—tie it on like a tin can, to the embarrassment of the good intent behind the story, but to make it part of the story itself in an interesting way. What they set out to do was to show to girls who are beginning to think about what they want to do after their school or college life is over, some of the opportunities open to them, and some of the requirements which must be met if these openings are to lead to anything but blind alleys.

If you want really to amount to anything, very sensibly say these authors, you have to get ready for it. Luck may occasionally set a door ajar, but it has never been known to push you through it. Moreover, you must begin now to get ready; don't wait until you get to high school or college. Look about you, as the New York fire commissioner says in the theatre programs, and choose, not the nearest exit, but the one which seems to you to be most attractive and for which you seem to have some gift, and then try yourself out. And don't overlook the fact that you have to work hard—and the greater your talent the harder you will have to work. "Of him that hath much, much shall be required."

This is a bald analysis of what "Girls Who Did" puts in an entertaining and totally unanalytical form, for the book is really a collection of stories about twenty women who have "gotten somewhere," such as Gertrude Hawley, director of physical education; Peggy Hoyt, dress designer and head of a fashionable establishment; Jeritza, world-famous prima donna; Mabel Stewart, private secretary. Save for Jeritza, none had outstanding abilities or talents, but they did have courage, energy, and the determination to make the most of what gifts they had.

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Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from last page*)

TOOTLEOO TWO. By BERNARD and ELINOR DARWIN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is a companion volume to "The Tale of Mr. Tootleoo," a book that jingled with delightful nonsense. The Nonesuch Press first introduced the Darwins' fortunate collaboration to the world. The delicately-colored illustrations to the present book can hardly be too highly praised. And the verse is amusing rather after the fashion of Hilaire Belloc's verses for children, though not with quite the inspiration. This brief nonsense story in verse is extremely English in tone, the chatter of the children is entirely that of English children; but the character of Marmaduke is an achievement, and the whole book rarer as a literary and artistic effort than most books of its kind. In fact, there wasn't enough of it to satisfy our appetite. We should like to see a long series of these Tootleoo books. The old-fashioned British tar and lady in crinoline, and the dragon who tried to teach the children arithmetic, we have found extremely pleasing.

THE SWORDS OF THE VIKINGS: Stories from the Works of Saxo Grammaticus. Retold by JULIA DAVIS ADAMS. Illustrated by SUZANNE LASSEN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNA SPEED BRACKETT

HERE is a book so quietly beautiful in all the features that mark good bookmaking that we wish it might fall to the lot of every child who reads to have it to mull over and fondle page by page until it becomes his touchstone of what a book should be.

The scheme of the book was envisioned not long ago before a painter's easel in one of the oldest castles in Denmark. Mrs. Emil Lassen (Countess Suzanne Raben), daughter of its ancient line and a painter of recognized accomplishment, had done a series of pictures to illustrate the legends of Saxo, as English and American painters have turned to the legends of King Arthur. "These stories are the earliest written history of Denmark. We are taught them in our schools, they are warp and woof of our childhood, and we love them," she explained.

So here is the book. And here are four of Mrs. Lassen's paintings, exquisite in restraint as they are rich in color and design. For each story she has supplied a line headpiece, a decorative panel alive with dramatic suggestion. An animated map, "The Vikings in Europe, 500-1000," done in the style of the old cartographers, makes the end pages; and the black gold-stamped cover simulates the leather banded and clamped with metal that doubtless covered the early transcriptions of the Latin of Saxo Grammaticus.

In a Foreword, John Dyneley Prince, formerly United States Minister to Denmark, notes that Saxo,—"wrongly called 'Grammaticus' [the Lettered] as he was essentially a chronicler,"—whose life-span was about 1150-1206 A. D., was the original collector of these tales and the first Danish chronicler. He was "secretary of the celebrated Danish Archbishop Absalom, who encouraged Saxo to write his 'Gesta Danorum' or 'Historia Danica,' a full record of Danish kings and heroes almost down to the author's date."

Among these heroes are three that children will recognize: Amleth, Prince of Denmark, Balder the Beautiful; and, in "Perils of Sigrid," Sigrid's son Canute.

That Saxo "thoroughly confused tradition with genuine history" rather enhances than lessens the value of the book for children; for it presents vividly what Mr. Prince calls "the rugged and virile old days before individual prowess had been largely swamped by coöperation, and individual thinking had been forced to succumb to arbitrary rules of procedure, made for every possible contingency." And every reader will heartily endorse his praise that the old demi-gods and heroes described by the Chronicler "have been neither modernized nor softened" by Mrs. Adams, who "very wisely has not sought to temper the rough and ready viking code."

Despite the brusqueness of this code, the stories grew out of a sturdy ethics, and not a few of them glow with the quiet heroism that every age acclaims. It is surprising what variety of circumstance and situation and character appear in these old tales whose themes are so many of them similar. The total impression is one of vigor, humor, and beauty. And the beauty of the translation should be stressed; for its simplicity is a matter of genuine distinction, not a pose assumed for children.

THE LITTLE SISTER. By HECTOR MALOT. Cupples & Leon. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by SARA K. BLOCK

THE French idiom has more grace than the English, so that the task of translating it has its difficulties; yet one cannot help but wish that Florence Crewe-Jones might have had more felicity with her version of Hector Malot's "The Little Sister," for undoubtedly much of its charm lies in the style of the narration.

The story deals with the struggle of a mother and her little daughter against the avaricious machinations of the father and his two grown sons. Themselves too lazy to earn the luxurious living they crave, they try by one method after another, to exploit the little sister. But her dauntless spirit and the determination of her mother, win past each wicked plan, so that security and happiness come to her at last.

Children will enjoy "The Little Sister." They will be excited by the scheming within the De Mussidan family. They will be amused and touched by the colorful portrayal of the Gueswillers next door. And they will share heartily in Genevieve De Mussidan's final liberation and happiness. And yet the intrinsic value of the book is somewhat marred by the saccharine sweetness of the heroine and the eternally uncomplaining goodness of her mother. It is unfortunate, too, that the child's musical genius, which occupies so much of the early part of the narrative, should be completely forgotten, as her material security becomes imminent. And even though one writes for children, it seems scarcely necessary to paint character so simply that it is wholly black or white.

Good But Forgotten

IT is hard to tell whether the appeal of George McDonald's "Princess and the Goblin" came from the book itself or from some combination of circumstances under which it was read. The charm is still strong, however, and though many of the details of the story are lost, the thought of it brings back keenly the shivery delight with which we explored those goblin-haunted passages of the mine with brave Curdie and our sense of relief when the Princess felt the invisible thread under her seeking finger.

But more vivid than these impressions, is the picture of the lovely young-old Grandmother, with long braids of silvery hair and black velvet gown, sitting at her spinning wheel beside the fire of glowing roses, in that wonderful moonlit, blue room. It was a haven of beauty, peace, wisdom, and, when the little Princess was tired or ill, of blessed healing.

Lucky Princess, who could sometimes find her way to the little blue door at the top of the house, which, if she had *obeyed* and *believed*, became the portal of these joys! Before how many attic doors, no matter how clear our vision of the hoped-for room inside, has our faith apparently failed and doors opened upon disappointment! But there was always the certainty that we had not yet earned the reward we sought and therein, perhaps, lies the value of the story.

MILDRED FONTAINE.

I WISH to reintroduce the mild, well-mannered books written in the nineties by Laura E. Richards. The woman who has kept the Margaret and Hildegarde series in memory of the happiness they gave her ss a girl would do well to give them to her daughter. They are not so old-fashioned as to have lost that sense of present possibility that is the essence of such books and yet they still retain a tradition of culture and breeding lost in their modern prototypes. They are of course sentimental, but sentimental with a background of good sense and good fun.

There has been no new edition of these books, but it is still possible to order them from the publisher, Dana Estes and Co. They are adorned with illustrations of the nineties which seem to be regarded by the sons and daughters of that not distant past in the light of interesting historical relics; and if your child be not too old, she will find nothing incongruous in the picture of parents who not only are able to manage a group of young people in the woods, but also seem quite ignorant of the necessity of calling in a group of experts from the outside to help them do it!

DOROTHY WITTINGTON.

For further reviews of children's books see page 199.

FORGOTTEN LADIES
By RICHARDSON WRIGHT
Author of "Hawkers and Walkers"

Nine ladies of enchantment from the American family album, some of them of doubtful reputation, sally forth with startling, gossipy proof that they were ladies of importance.

Mr. Wright's characteristic wit and genius for accuracy combine in the telling of how John and Charles Wesley were hounded and harried by amorous Methodist ladies; how the early American theatre was affected by the love affairs of the Storer sisters; how Anne Royall (on horseback at the age of 60) blackmailed potential buyers of her books, and how the virgin spy helped win the Revolution. Old prints and cartoons help to make this volume an unalloyed delight. 32 illustrations. $5.00.

JAMES THE SECOND
By HILAIRE BELLOC

This superb, provocative biography of a much misunderstood English king is written with the distinction and fearlessness which always characterize Mr. Belloc. *The London Times* says: "It is a brilliant challenging book." $4.00.

SIR HARRY LAUDER'S
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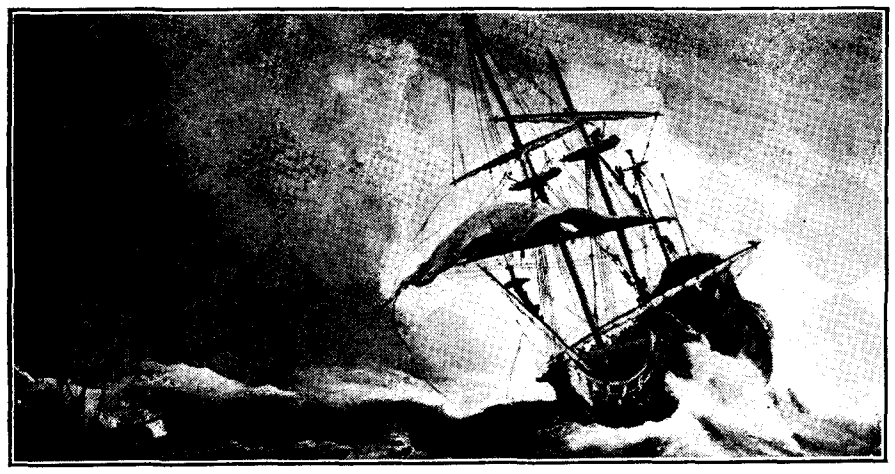

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Foreign Literature

Three Authors*

DREI DICHTER IHRES LEBENS. Casanova. Stendhal. Tolstoy. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. New York: Westermann. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

THE first impression on reading the subtitle of this book is that of startling incongruity. The close association of the three names seems far-fetched. But Stefan Zweig's arguments in support of his plan are persuasive and finally convincing. There is indeed one strong thread that runs through the lives of the three men, so widely apart in parentage, education, and conduct of life.

The volume is the third in a series of studies, collectively entitled "Baumeister der Welt: Versuch einer Typologie des Geistes," in which the author attempts to present the creative will of the mind in the figures of nine men. Builders of a world they are indeed. Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoievski, in the first volume, setting—in the words of Zweig—a second reality beside the already existing one in the cosmos of their novels; Hölderlin, Nietzsche, and Kleist in the second volume, manifestations of the tragic nature driven by a demoniac power beyond itself and the world of reality into the infinite; and these three "Poets of their Life," who neither reach out into the infinite, nor return to the world of reality, but center in their self, their ego. Whatever form they chose, drama, epic, lyric, or autobiography, always they make their ego center and medium, and first of all present themselves, their aspirations, their preoccupations. The author issues warning in the preface against the assumption that coexistence in a book means being on the same intellectual plane. The three names symbolize to him three grades of the same creative function: Self-reflection. Casanova, the jacket states, represents the lowest, purely material, naive grade; Stendhal, the psychological; Tolstoy, the highest: ethical, religious.

Zweig admirably adapts his style, often inclined to be almost turgid, to the mercurial character of Casanova, to whom life was one great game of chance. His analysis of the indefatigable seeker of pleasure and adventure is serious. But he writes of the great lover, gambler, and trickster, who duped and dazzled his generation as his compatriot Cagliostro had done, in a sprightly, scintillating manner and sometimes treats this "free man and citizen of the world," who was indeed free, because a-moral, untrammelled by family ties, social conventions, and religious scruples, almost flippantly.

The memoirs of Casanova were written, when his extraordinary physical power finally deserted him and he settled down in the tower-room of a castle at Dux, as librarian to the owner, an Austrian bibliophile. At his death the manuscript passed through many indifferent hands, until an unknown in 1820 offered it to Brockhaus, the Leipzig publisher, who had it immediately translated, probably expurgated, and gave it to the world. A Paris firm promptly pirated this German version, had it rewritten in French and published it; whereupon Brockhaus published his German translation in French, while the original French manuscript reposed in the safe of the firm, where it still is! Zweig remarks that the literature of the world has few portraits as perfect as this autobiography by a man who was not an artist as such, and claimed only to be an adept in the art of living.

Zweig introduces his study of Stendhal with a quotation from "Henri Brulard," the story of his childhood, which strikes the keynote of that baffling character:

"What have I been? What am I?"

That was the problem which haunted and absorbed him from his early youth to the exclusion of any other. Solely for his own satisfaction did Henri Beyle delve into the most secret recesses of his soul and bring to light intimate, elusive emotions that lingered half-heartedly on the threshold of his consciousness and that perhaps nobody at that time would have dared to confess. For in the serious searching of his innermost nature he anticipated by a century the scientific structure built up by Freud and his followers. He sought release from the inhibitions that surrounded him by recording minutely what his keen curiosity about himself had revealed to him. His hatred of his father, his lack of luck with women, his idiosyncrasies—all are analyzed by him, traced to their ultimate sources and reported with brazen frankness.

The whole life of Henri Beyle was one conflict of opposing forces inherited from his progenitors. He could be at the same minute the genuine son of his father and the true offspring of his mother; he could be timid and tender, and hard and ironic; fancifully romantic and suspiciously calculating; melancholy and musical, and logically exact. But through all these contradictions, above anything else, he was always the arch egotist with an ingrained scorn for "the others," from whom he felt separated by a world-deep chasm of ideas, sentiments, emotions. Zweig's insight into that complex soul has brought Stendhal nearer to the reader than anything previously written about him. His study is a little masterpiece of penetrative analysis and condensed biography.

To link the name of Tolstoy with such egotists, a-moralists, and hedonists as Stendhal and Casanova, seems preposterous. Yet he, too, was from his youth absorbed in his ego.

"I want to know myself through and through"

said he at nineteen and, like Stendhal, decided to keep a diary.

I have never kept a diary before, because I could not see the use of it. But now that I am occupied in developing my faculties, I shall be able with the help of my journal to follow the course of my growth. It will contain rules for life and a record of my action.

Thus the moralist already asserted himself and began that harrowing watch over his inner self which continued through his whole life. For he was not satisfied with merely recording his "actions." He commented upon them. When he states one day that he had written nothing, he adds: Laziness! When during a call on friends, he had spoken little, he adds: Cowardice! He does not minimize his faults or overlook any trespasses. The reading of these data recalls the diaries of good little Puritans in early Colonial days, faithfully telling of their little lapses and failings—already seriously concerned with their salvation!

Even Tolstoy the mature artist, was ever in the words of Zweig "trying to trap the shadow of his soul," and during the years when he was writing his novels, he was so absorbed in his pursuit, that he did not create one figure that did not reflect his own personality. Not one of them was a perfect portrait of him; but the real Tolstoy is contained as in a composite photograph in Besuchoff, Nechjudow, Pierre, and Ljewin. Zweig calls him not only the most photographed, but the best documented character of our time.

The most striking feature which differentiates him from the two other characters in this book is his "conversion," as it has been called. After fifty years of conventional life as Russian nobleman landowner, master, author, husband, and father, which, as he stated in a letter, had given him perfect happiness, suddenly, like a specter, a question loomed up in him: What did it all mean? What is the meaning of life? Henceforth all his past, everything that had been dear to him, was of no more importance to him. He left home and family in order freely to work out in his tortured soul the answer to this question. He adopted an almost mediæval asceticism as his mode of life. Yet this sudden reversal was by no means—as some inferred—a symptom of advancing senility.

Little could his friends and his family understand the struggles going on in his soul. Loath to hurt their feelings, he returned to them again and again—only to be accused by fanatic adherents of preaching one thing and practising another. Finally, at his last flight, he, who had never known illness, was stricken at a lonely railway station. Did death, the fear of which had haunted him since his childhood, offer him an answer to the question that he had been asking himself for thirty years?

If Casanova's life, regardless of the infinite variety of its geographical setting and the no less infinite variety of his loves after all suggests a bedroom comedy, Stendhal's study and reflection of his ego a modern psycho-analytic play—the life of Tolstoy is a tragedy of medieval, self-inflicted martyrdom, without the final, redeeming "miracle."

* This book is shortly to be published in English translation by the Viking Press.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

DRAWING WITH PEN AND INK. By *Arthur L. Cuptill.* New York: The Pencil Points Press. $8.50.

BEYOND ARCHITECTURE. By *A. Kingsley Porter.* Marshall Jones. $1.50.

Belles Lettres

CONTEMPORARIES AND SNOBS. By *Laura Riding.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

A TREASURY OF MODERNIST POETRY. By *Laura Riding* and *Robert Graves.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE PROBLEMS OF HAMLET. By *G. F. Bradley.* Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

STAY ALIVE! By *Marcus Dow.* Dow, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City. $2.

TOO MANY PEOPLE. By *J. B. Priestley.* Harpers. $2.50.

GLEANINGS IN EUROPE. By *James Fenimore Cooper.* Edited by *Robert E. Spiller.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

HOGARTH ESSAYS. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE AMERICAN MIND. By *Walter B. Pitkin.* Simon & Schuster. $3.

SHAPING MEN AND WOMEN. By *Stuart Sherman.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE VERGILIAN AGE. By *Robert Seymour Conway.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

Biography

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By the MARQUIS DE SÉGUR. Dutton. 1928. $5.

Time and time again Marie Antoinette has been chosen for a biographical subject. The reason is partly to be found in her martyrdom and partly also in her own personality. A woman so generously impulsive towards her friends, yet so heedless of the feelings of those with power to injure her, and so vindictive towards her enemies, is bound to provide interesting material for authors. M. de Ségur admits at the start that the facts about the life of Marie Antoinette have often been set forth in print. He asserts, however, that her true personality has never been revealed, because those who have written of her have done so with conscious or unconscious prejudices. He himself is a great-grandnephew of the author-general of the same name who so distinguished himself under Napoleon. Whatever bias he may have inherited he has sought to lay aside, and it must be granted him that he has, in the main, succeeded.

The volume is not a comprehensive biography, because the better known events in the life of the Queen are omitted. In a way this is unfortunate because it makes necessary a prior knowledge of the subject, and the book becomes a biographical study suited primarily to the specialist rather than to the reader in search of entertainment. Although the book has not been published previously in English, the French edition dates back more than a decade, the author having died in 1916. He will be remembered, perhaps, for his life of the eighteenth century Julie de Lespinasse, a subject which gave him greater opportunity for original treatment.

There is no excuse for the lack of index. Such an omission is especially glaring, as the majority of present-day biographies are carefully indexed.

GEORGE ELIOT'S FAMILY LIFE AND LETTERS. By ARTHUR PATERSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

Most of these letters are here published for the first time, but they are all family letters, and of no general interest. They emphasize the facts that George Eliot was very domestic, and that without George Lewes there would probably have been no novels. It is said that the novels are not much read nowadays. That may be only the opinion of a younger generation of critics, or relatively it may be true; a report from the American Library Association on the question of fact would be more to the point. They are too strong to be long forgotten. It would be worth any modern novelist's time to read "Middlemarch" for its craftsmanship. After all it is better to move gracefully than awkwardly. George Eliot had that "grand manner," which makes most of us feel cheap.

THEIR MAJESTIES OF SCOTLAND. By E. THORNTON COOK. Dutton. 1928. $6.

The history of Scotland, as set forth in this survey of the lives of the kings and queens of that country, is a bloody and dramatic tale. The author has made ingenious use of material culled from contemporary narrators, thus adding color to a chronicle which extends from the eleventh century to the extinction of the Stuart line of Pretenders. The author has kept carefully to his rôle of chronicler, and has avoided partisan treatment. He has searched diligently through many books, and while he adds nothing new, and while the "high spots" are emphasized, the book affords a good introduction to Scottish history.

Mary Stuart and her affairs naturally occupy a fairly large portion of the book. There is much to say also of Robert Bruce; something of Macbeth; and something of the adventures of the various Stuart pretenders. Many of these are old tales, familiar from childhood. The constant rivalry between England and France is constantly brought out, fostered by an inferiority complex on the Scotch side, and distinguished by raids and counter-raids, invasions and counter-invasions, murder and rapine. Contrasted with this is the age-old friendship with France.

The book is illustrated with portraits of the more important characters, and is carefully indexed. It makes interesting reading and affords a good summary of the subject, particularly valuable as histories of Scotland, such as those by Lang or Burton, are in many volumes and necessarily occupied with the intricacies of plot and counterplot prevalent in a kingdom where king and nobility were often at feud.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE AIR. By KOEHL, FITZMAURICE, and VON HUENEFELD. Putnam's. 1928. $2.50.

SKYWARD. By RICHARD E. BYRD. Putnam's. 1928. $3.50.

The "Three Musketeers," Baron Guenther von Huenefeld, Major James C. Fitzmaurice, and Captain Hermann Koehl, of whom two have recently gone to their death, have written, individually, their own stories of the first crossing of the Atlantic from East to West. All three stories are partly autobiographical. Outside of a detailed recital of facts their book is interesting only to the extent in which it portrays the three distinct personalities of the men concerned, a baron who faces danger with a monocle, an Irishman born and bred to perils, and a reticent, stolid, German scientist. All told, a good, plainly written, journalistic story of the events leading up to the Bremen's flight, the flight itself, and the aftermath.

Commander Byrd's story, "Skyward," full of action and adventure as it is, does not fall into the class of simple biographical yarns. The conqueror of the North Pole and the Atlantic tells his own story in a straightforward, candid, and modest way. His experiences have been so varied that, at the conclusion of the book, we find it to be not alone one man's story but, also, a review of the growth of American aviation since before the war. And if one reads carefully between the lines (for the author is modesty incarnate) he gradually comes to realize what a great debt aviation owes to Byrd. He is gradually gaining the recognition he deserves but, as is true with most great men (and great men are necessarily quiet men), his greatest fame will probably be posthumous fame.

His book is the simple annals of a man who must be esteemed for his daring and his scientific attainments as well as beloved for his modesty, charm, and idealism. He writes not only of his successes but of his failures. He tells of the training conditions at Pensecola in the early days of the war; the ill-fated flight of the ZR-2; the transatlantic flight of the Navy's NC boats in 1921; the Arctic flight in 1923; the North Pole flight in 1926; and the flight from New York to France in 1927. Byrd was an active participant in all of these epoch marking flights. And in conclusion, he discusses his plans for the coming ant-arctic flight to the South Pole. We wish him the greatest success if only that he may come back and write another such book as this.

MASKS IN A PAGEANT. By *William Allen White.* Macmillan.

CARDINAL MERCIER. By *Monsignor A. Laveille.* Century. $2.50.

THE LORD'S HORSEMAN. By *Umphry Lee.* Century. $2.50.

JEFFERSON, FRIEND OF FRANCE. By *Meade Minnigerode.* Putnam.

LOUIS XIV. By *Louis Bertrand.* Translated by *Cleveland H. Chase.* Longmans, Green. $5.

(*Continued on next page*)

Just Out

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

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THE WORLD ON ONE LEG. By *Ellery Walter.* Putnam. $5.

THE FARINGTON DIARY. By *Joseph Farington.* Edited by *James Greig.* Doran. $7.50 net.

THE MEMOIRES OF RAYMOND POINCARE. Translated and adapted by *Sir Arthur George.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

AN AMERICAN COMEDY. Acted by *Harold Lloyd.* Directed by *W. W. Stout.* Longmans, Green. $2.50.

MYSTERIES OF HISTORY. By *C. J. S. Thompson.* Lippincott. $4.

JAMES THE SECOND. By *Hilaire Belloc.* Lippincott. $4.

THE ROMANCE OF FORGOTTEN MEN. By *Johi T. Faris.* Harpers. $6.

GRANVILLE SHARPE. By *E. C. P. Lascelles.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

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STUDENTS, SCHOLARS, AND SAINTS. By *Louis Ginzberg.* Jewish Publication Society.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR: ALFRED E. SMITH. By *Franklin D. Roosevelt.* Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.

THE MEMORIES OF PRINCE MAX OF BADEN. Scribners. 2 vols. $10.

FAMOUS SEAMEN OF AMERICA. By *Ella M. Powers* and *Hanson Hart Webster.* Crowell. $2 net.

Fiction

TALES OF THE MONKS. From the GESTA ROMANORUM. In the Library of Living Classics edited by MANUEL KOMROFF. Dial. 1928. $3.50.

In some ways they did things better in the medieval ages. When they found a good story which contained details likely to offend the Anthony Comstocks of the period, they did not call in the censor to suppress it, or even expurgate it of all that made it interesting; they merely used a little ingenuity and overlaid the story with a moral symbolism which showed that despite appearances it really redounded to the glory of God. Sometimes, however, with human fallibility they rather overdid the matter, and seas of moral whitewash almost obliterated the color of the original. Notably was this the case with that glorious fourteenth century collection known as the Gesta Romanorum, source-book for writers from Boccaccio to Mark Twain, from which the average modern reader, unversed in decoding medieval symbolism, could derive at best a somewhat laborious pleasure.

The path to literary happiness in this instance has been restored in Manuel Komroff's new edition of this compilation of folk-lore freed from monkish scholia. The stories now stand out in their simple narrative value, making a book as easy to read as the Decameron or Heptameron. Ranging from simple anecdotes to the long, but fairly exciting adventures of Apollonius of Tyre, the one-hundred-and-eighty-one tales in this collection include material from the field of oriental magic, Greek and Roman legends, and the imaginary legal cases of Lucius Seneca, all transported into the No-man's-land of medieval fancy and infused with the medieval love of casuistry. They are not the least of our debts to monasticism, showing that the monks, who collected them, were not only connoisseurs of wine and piety, but were equally able as connoisseurs of good stories. The text used by Mr. Komroff is the admirable Charles Swan translation of 1824. "Tales of the Monks," which may justly claim to have restored a classic to life, preëminently deserves a place in the Library of Living Classics.

(*Continued on page* 198)

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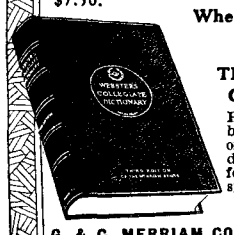

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

Says J. G., St. Paul, Minn., to me: "You say 'I have been making for myself . . . a little collection of biographies showing the pains and struggles of authorship . . .' I have also found books in this field of deep interest, and give a list of those I possess. Any others that you may suggest I assure you would be appreciated."

HERE is his list; all but two of the books are included in the one I had already made. See if it does not hold as much heartache as any collection of books of its size: Arthur Machen's "Far-Off Things" and "Things Near and Far" (Knopf)—I never look inside these without making myself remember that he now lives in a tidy little house in St. John's Wood whose parlor lights stream over the grass of a garden behind a wall with a "judas" in it: Thomas Beer's "Stephen Crane" (Knopf); Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border" and "Daughter of the Middle Border" (Macmillan); Lewis Browne's "That Man Heine" (Macmillan); W. H. Davies's "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" and "Later Days" (Knopf); Thomas Burke's "The Wind and the Rain" (Doran), Beverley Nichols's "Twenty-five," Morley Roberts's "Private Life of Henry Maitland"; Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography"; Theodore Dreiser's "A Book About Myself" (Boni & Liveright); Harry Kemp's "Tramping on Life" and "More Miles" (Boni & Liveright); Frank Swinnerton's "George Gissing" (Doran), and Jack London's "Martin Eden" and "John Barleycorn" (Macmillan).

Not all these records of experience are painful: the interest of the collector has evidently been in gathering books whose authors voluntarily or involuntarily tell how they do it earlier than those that set down the pains and penalties of being an author. So here are a few more from my own corridor of Heartbreak House:—

"Episodes Before Thirty," by Algernon Blackwood (Dutton), one of the most absorbing autobiographies of our day. He seems to write as if he must get this terrible weight off his memory: one feels that now the book is written he can sleep of nights. It stands above all else he has accomplished—perhaps it would be safer to say that it stands on one side. "The Autobiography of Benjamin Haydon," one of the books that make you wonder where the scriptural writer could have been looking to be able to say that he had been young and was now old and had never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread. If it be urged that Haydon, being an artist, may not be included on this roll of suffering, I can but reply that Aldous Huxley in the sympathetic introduction to the edition issued by Harcourt, Brace, reminds us that Haydon's real forte was writing. Besides this two-volume edition there is another, also quite recent, published by the Oxford University Press in the World's Classics series. Then there is "W. H. Hudson: a Portrait," by Morley Roberts (Dutton), more moving than a longer and more detailed account, and to add to the Gissing and Trollope items, "Letters of George Gissing to Members of His Family" (Houghton Mifflin), and Michael Sadleir's monumental "Trollope" (Houghton Mifflin). I can't say that "A Story-Teller's Story," Sherwood Anderson's autobiography, is at all painful, but it does describe some short rations and hard times. "Israfel: the Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe" (Doran, 2 vols.) by Hervey Allen, comes nearer to a heart-breaker; but this is a life-story no one can touch without moving the reader's sympathies—that is, no one but Griswold. I have just been reading the "Letters from Joseph Conrad to Edward Garnett," lately published in a beautiful limited edition by the Nonesuch Press: Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes gave me a copy as a souvenir of the party she gave for me at the Carlton Hotel on the Fourth of July—as if I could ever forget that lovely party! It seems to me one of the best side-lights on an author's character and methods that has lately appeared in print: his self-criticisms are as searching as if they were directed on the work of a stranger, and as accurate as only the author himself could assure. There is a new biography of "Tolstoy: the Inconstant Genius," by Alexander Nazaroff (Stokes). As an offset to so much struggle, you might glance over "A Small Boy in the Sixties," the reminiscences of the late George Sturt, with an introduction by Arnold Bennett, who met him when Bennett was a youth and kept up the acquaintance by letter. Sturt was a wheelwright by trade, and his best-known book is "The Wheelwright's Shop." If this list should grow—with the assistance of readers—to the point where it branches off, it might branch into a list of authors who supported themselves by a trade or craft during the hard years; Pio Baroja was—and is still so far as I know—a baker in Madrid, for instance.

Oh well, none of these life-stories reaches the summit of anguish. That is reserved for a musician. No writer had ever a tragedy so complete as Beethoven's.

W. B., New York, asks for a book recently published concerning Rasputin's power over the Russian Czarina prior to the World War.

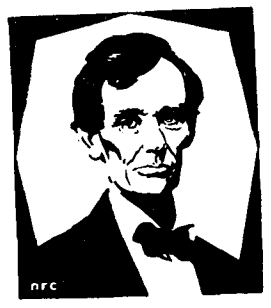
THE one that says the most in the least space and on the best authority, is Vladimir Poliakoff's "The Tragic Bride" (Appleton), a touching romantic biography of the Czarina, and the most judicious one we have. It has a portrait of Rasputin not elsewhere published, with eyes an impressionable person will do well to keep covered with a bookmark. There is a report of the Rasputin episode in Edmund A. Walsh's "The Fall of the Russian Empire" (Little, Brown), a straightforward account of incidents from 1914 to the beginning of the Bolshevist régime, with enough of the background of history to give an inexperienced reader his bearings. Father Walsh coöperated with the Hoover relief in Russia from 1922 to 1924, and was one of those who tried to save Butchkavitch: he has been collecting material for this book for seven years, and while it tells nothing that has not been told before, so far as I can see, it arranges its material so clearly that it will be useful to any newspaper reader whose information has been gathered at random.

T. H. Y., Columbus, O., asks for books on the history of Cuba, Porto Rico, and San Domingo.

"A History of the Cuban Republic," by Charles E. Chapman (Macmillan), is the most recent and complete: before that we had E. H. Verrill's "Cuba Past and Present" (Dodd, Mead), and "The Early History of Cuba: 1492-1586," by Irene A. Wright (Macmillan), both still in print, the former in a revised edition. The other islands are both in one book, A. H. Verrill's "Porto Rico Past and Present, and San Domingo of To-day" (Dodd, Mead).

THE one question at which I shy is on books for an intending writer. I have so often rushed in where even librarians tread angelically that it may be thought I shy at nothing, but believe me, I never make out a list of books for someone to read who intends to write, but my hand is stayed by the belief that the less a writer reads the better. So when any one shares the responsibility—I rejoice, and am grateful for this information, relayed from *Los Angeles, Cal., by G. W. P.*:—"*Please tell J. R. H., Babylon, L. I.*, that Barrett Wendell's 'English Composition,' originally published more than thirty-five years ago, gets at the living core of the matter. A certain scientific and technical man was promoted to an executive position where he had to write many reports that must be clear, compelling, and alive. He knew himself to be about hopeless with his pen. He made a careful study of Wendell's book and all his writing was done with an eye single to the admonitions and principles therein expounded. Like the successful men in the *American Magazine*, he made his goal and his reports became the models in the very large business in which he was engaged. He feels that Wendell taught him more than writing. No one seriously engaging in writing can fail to find Herbert Spencer's 'Philosophy of Style' also valuable." *P. G., New York*, sends me a writer's list whose spirit, sir, is one of mockery, including "Hobbies and their Cures," by Dr. Lombrose, and "How to Live on Nothing a Day," by Aleck Smart. *D. G. S., Dawson, New Mexico*, suggests for a Pyramid book Louis P. McCarty's "The Great Pyramid, Gizeh," saying "although this came out sometime in the eighties, it lacks the religious and fanatical bias found in Professor Smyth's

(*Continued on next page*)



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"Told as it certainly never has been told before and by a writer with especial fitness such as none other ever has had or ever can have hereafter."—*John T. Morse, Jr., in the Boston Evening Transcript.* 2 vols., Illus. $12.50.

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Yet aside from its theological implications, "The Friend of Jesus" deserved to find its audience, simply because of the beauty of its *superb poetry* and the nobility of its conception.

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The rare quality of this new book will but serve to confirm Miss Millay's unique distinction as a poet in the field of English literature. The extraordinary appeal of her poetry is strikingly attested by the fact that nearly a quarter of a million volumes of her works have been sold since the appearance of "Renascence" in 1917.

At All Bookstores $2.00

HARPER AND BROTHERS

THE OLD YELLOW BOOK

A new translation of the source of Browning's "The Ring and The Book" with critical notes, including a chapter on Torture.

By JOHN MARSHALL GEST

William Lyon Phelps in the Autumn Yale Review describes Judge Gest's book as invaluable to an understanding of Browning's masterpiece. "It is," he says, "an important and valuable work . . . set forth in a lively and interesting manner."

Ford K. Brown in the New York Herald Tribune remarks: "It is most astonishing (and a chastening thought) that although much has been written about Browning's masterpiece, . . . it was left to an American jurist to point out that Browning had played fast and loose with his facts."

May Lamberton Becker in the Saturday Review says: "There is a curious charm, even to the casual reader who may chance to begin this fat volume, in the coils and repetitions of this ancient law-report, going after its facts first from one direction, then from another. . . . But Judge Gest has his doubts about Pompilia."

Frances Theresa Russell writes in the University of California Chronicle: "Judge Gest has done what needed doing, and done it with the scholar's thoroughness, the jurist's technical skill, the humanist's graciousness, and the wit of the man of the world."

699 *pages. Buckram.* $5.00

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS, Philadelphia

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"Our Heritage in the Great Pyramid," which came out in Edinburgh in the seventies. The subject of forecasting by means of the Great Pyramid is for the moment rather under a cloud in the British Isles: along in May the newspapers were full of predictions based on calculations by this monument—they appeared as paid page-advertisements in the *Morning Post*, for instance—in which on a definitely stated day this sorry scheme of things should be shattered, beginning with a tidal wave. This was to overwhelm a certain watering-place as an evidence of good faith before proceeding further, but nothing happened to the hotels there, then or later, more destructive than the recently acquired habit of owners of small cars of taking their lunch with them from home when they go to the sea-side for a day. *D. W., Boston, Mass.*, tells me that James Norman Hall, whose "Mid Pacific" has lately been published by Houghton Mifflin (following his "High Adventure" and other famous aviation thrillers), is an Iowan, and as such should have his name added to the list of Iowa authors recently printed here. An article about him in *The Piper* begins: "Even if you are a youth in Iowa, that is no excuse for spending your life there." You might know that was written in Boston. The magazine *Midland Schools*, published at Des Moines, sends me the May number with "Five Interpreters of Iowa," by John T. Frederick; these are J. G. Sigmund, Walter J. Muilenburg, Roger L. Sergel, Walter L. Myers, and Nelson Antrim Crawford: with the article is a map of "Literary Iowa," prepared by Miss Alice Story of the library at Marshalltown. The names on it are Hamlin Garland, Ruth Suckow, Norman Hall, "Octave Thanet," Ellis Parker Butler, Herbert Quick, Edwin Ford Piper, Lewis Worthington Smith, Susan Glaspell, E. A. Steiner, Emerson Hough, J. T. Frederick, Johnson Brigham, Arthur Davison Ficke, and S. H. M. Byers, and their pictures are given. *M. C. B., Hartford, Conn.*, asks for the name of the club of men looking for novels without women. Sorry, but we can't give names of clients of this department. We can, however, put another name on this list of books: a new story for boys, "Longshanks," by Stephen W. Meader (Harcourt, Brace). I have not read so good a yarn of its kind in months: it is a journey down the Mississippi in 1828, legitimately exciting and quite sufficiently accurate for a good historical novel. Not until the last page (unless you read the paragraph on the jacket) do you find that the hero is Abraham Lincoln.

C. A. P., Richmond, Va., asks for books on metal work for amateurs.

"IN W. H. Dooley's "Applied Science for Metal and Wood Workers" (Ronald) the principles of elementary physics and chemistry are applied to the metal and woodworking trades. "Art Metalwork with Inexpensive Equipment," by Payne (Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.), deals with details of workmanship and has lists of addresses where material may be obtained. Davidson's "Educational Metalcraft" (Longmans) is for répoussé, silversmithing, enameling, and the like. "Metal Work," by J. S. Miller (Pitman), is a handbook for teachers, with demonstration lessons of all tools used in a manual training centre and plans for conducting one. Byne's "Spanish Ironwork" is an account of the craft from the earliest times through the seventeenth century, published by the Hispanic Society.

A farmer's wife in Iowa writes that she is due to read to her club next month a short story that has appeared during the year in any American magazine, and that, as she is now cooking for eight farmhands and threshing is due within three weeks, it would be a favor if this department would choose one for her that is particularly good.

AS one who thinks that a short story for one who feeds threshers cannot be too good (I know what it is to cook for threshers in Vermont) I am happy to be able to send her to one without loss of time. In the *Saturday Review of Literature* for July 28 are two stories from T. F. Powys's "The House with the Echo," recently issued in America by the Viking Press, and already praised to the echo in England. If the club does not take to "The Lonely Lady" they should have something done about their hearts. When I first got to England, by the way, two correspondents far apart in the States wrote to ask, if ever I met T. F. Powys, that I should convey to him their special and overflowing gratitude. As he lives far from the madding critics, somewhere in the sort of place he writes about, I can but hope this meets his eye and thus executes my commission.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 196)

THE LUCK OF THE BLUE MACAW. By *Kenneth Payson Kempton.* Washburn. $1.75.

LIKE A MAN. By *Jeremy Lane.* Washburn. $2.

HARNESS. By *A. Hamilton Gibbs.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

ONCE AT CHRISTMAS. By *Harold Speakman.* Abingdon. $1.

TIGER'S MATE. By *Wallace Smith.* Putnam. $2.50.

INTO THE ABYSS. By *John Knittel.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE MESA. By *Charles Alder Seltzer.* Doubleday, Doran.

FLOWERDOWN. By *Ann Knox.* Century. $2.50.

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE. By *Margaret Weymouth Jackson.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

BLUE FEATHER. By *Lawrence W. Meynell.* Appleton. $2.

MADEMOISELLE DAHLIA. By *Pamela Wynne.* Doubleday, Doran.

"BUT ONCE A YEAR." By *Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.* Appleton. $2.

ARMY WITH BANNERS. By *Ruth Comfort Mitchell.* $2.

FIRE OF SPRING. By *Dorothy Coursen.* Holt. $2.50.

EAST ALL THE WAY. By *J. G. Lockhart.* $2.

THE LOST FIGHT. By *H. F. M. Prescott.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

TRACERIES. By *Olive Wadsley.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

HERE COMES THE BANDWAGON. By *H. L. Gates,* Dodd, Mead. $2.

UNCLE TOM PUDD. By *Laurence Houseman.* Brentanos. $2 net.

BLIND CIRCLE. By *Maurice Renard* and *Albert Jean.* Dutton. $2.

THE AMERICAN OMEN. By *Garet Garrett.* Dutton. $2.50.

THE SIGN OF THE SNAKE. By *Derek Vane.* Macrae-Smith. $2.

SECOND EDEN. By *Florence Ward.* Macrae-Smith. $2.50.

SILAS BRADFORD'S BOY. By *Joseph C. Lincoln.* Appleton. $2.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S SON. By *Dan Sutton.* Canterbury. $1.50.

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN. Edited by *Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford,* and *Paul Rosenfeld.* Macaulay. $5.

FALL FLIGHT. By *Eleanor Gizycka.* Minton, Balch. $2.

AS A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. By *Austin Freeman.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE OUTERMOST HOUSE. By *Henry Beston.* Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

STUDY IN BRONZE. By *Esther Hyman.* Holt. $2.50.

THE FLYING MYSTERY. By *Joseph B. Ames.* Century. $1.75.

ARIADNE. By *Isadore Lhevinne.* Globus Press. $2.50.

THE NEW TEMPLE. By *Johan Bojer.* Century. $2.50.

THE HOURS OF RAMADAN. By *Arthur Train.* Scribners. $2.

MONEY FOR NOTHING. By *P. G. Wodehouse.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Government

PARTY PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICAL POLITICS. By STUART LEWIS. Prentice-Hall. 1928. $5.

Beginning with a series of chapters on American parties and their history, Professor Lewis proceeds to present the methods by which parties operate and the institutions which they have gradually devised—the caucus, the primary, the convention, the party committee. Under methods he discusses such matters as publicity and other forms of appeal to the public and finance. He then sets forth the history of the ballot and problems related to it, as popular indifference, and considers patronage and the initiative, referendum and recall. All these topics are illuminated with a wealth of statistical and other detail which is also interesting and informative in itself. Much of it has the special value of being recent. A group of questions at the end of each chapter enables the reader to test his knowledge, and an ample list of books similarly placed supplies him with a guide for further study. Appendices exhibit the text of the party platforms of 1924, the political complexion of the Presidency, the Senate, and the House for every Congress from 1789, to the electoral and the popular vote for every candidate for President or Vice-President, and the Constitution. Much of the material in the book is of a kind which makes the volume useful for reference.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By *Walter Bagehot* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE STORY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. By *Henry Minor.* Macmillan. $4.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF EUROPE. By *Alfred Hyma.* Crofts. $3.50.

POLITICIANS AND THE WAR, 1914-1916. By *Lord Beaverbrook.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

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Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on pages 192 and 193.*)

NATIONAL TRAITS AND FAIRY LORE. By ANNE WILLIAMS. Illustrated by ELEANOR CUSTIS. Scribner. 1928. 80 cents.

The characteristics and fairy legends of six nations are represented in this small volume—France, Russia, Spain, Italy, Persia, and Serbia. The author describes those traits and customs of each country which would most appeal to a child, and follows up each description with a particularly characteristic fairy story or two. It is a splendid idea, and of great value to school teacher, and pupil. But it seems a pity that in her desire to choose fairy tales which are so conscientiously typical of each nation, the author has given us stories that are rather involved and long drawn out. However, the stories of both Spain and Italy are at once vivid and representative of each country's imagination and beauty.

Altogether, the author is to be congratulated on this means of bringing the American child closer to the customs and traditions of the Old World.

LITTLE BLACK EYES. By KARLENE KENT. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

There are unfortunately very few books about Japanese children, and their manners and customs. Now that Japan presents a more and more Europeanized appearance, a book such as "Little Black Eyes" is a novelty.

Chiyo is her Japanese name. Though a little girl of today, she and her brother Taro lead us enthusiastically through the ancient native pastimes and customs. Of these, the most entertaining accounts are of catching grasshoppers for musical purposes in the home; "Great Sweeping Day," when all goods and chattels of every household are cast into the street; and "The Birthday of All Little Girls," with its odd mixture of superstition, religion, and fun. The rest of Chiyo's doings and her final exit are tame.

The book is attractively illustrated, and the text is a genuine account of the national activities, which are the Japanese child's daily life. But the author has not made as much of these as she might, for as a whole the story is tepidly written. It is a pretty picture, but too saccharine, and though accurate, it is not distinguished.

Miscellaneous

BRITISH FOOD CONTROL. By *Sir William H. Beveridge*. Oxford.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE. By *V. F. Calverton*. Macaulay. $3.

NEW TRUTH IN OLD SAWS. By *Wayne G. Haisley*. Sears. $1.50.

THE PERFECT SHIP. By *Weston Martyr*. Washburn. $3.50.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE FAMOUS. By *Alice Boughton*. Avondale Press.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CHEMICAL AND DRUG INDUSTRIES. Edited by *Williams Haynes*. New York: Haynes, 25 Spruce Street. $6.

BUILDING THE HOUSE OF GOD. By *Elbert M. Conover*. Methodist Book Concern. $2.50.

MODERN ENGLISH IN THE MAKING. By *George H. McKnight*. Appleton. $4.

FIELD BOOK OF BIRDS OF THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE. By *Bertha Bement Sturgis*. Putnams. $3.50.

IRISH BOGS. By *J. W. Seigne*. Longmans, Green.

DEBATE OUTLINES ON PUBLIC QUESTIONS. By *Oliver Clinton Carpenter*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

PRINTING OF TODAY. By *Oliver Simon* and *Julius Rodenberg*. Harpers.

HELP YOURSELF. By *Doris Webster* and *Mary Alden Hopkins*. Century. $1.

TRAILS OF THE HUNTED. By *James L. Clark*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

THE OUTLINE OF RADIO. By *John V. L. Hogan*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

CRIME ON THE CONTINENT. By *Horace Wyndham*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

WOMAN IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA. By *H. Addington Bruce*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

SEVEN HUNDRED SANDWICHES. By *Florence A. Cowles*. Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

FOLKLORE IN THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS. By *Lowry C. Wimberly*. $5.

KNOCK WOOD! By *Daniel Deerforth*. Brentanos. $3.

HISTORIC AIRSHIPS. By *Rupert Sargent Holland*. Macrae-Smith.

SOME FAMOUS SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR BUILDER DONALD MCKAY. By *Richard McKay*. Putnam. $7.50.

A BUSTED BIBLIOPHILE. By *George H. Sargent*. Little, Brown.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDICINE. By *Charles Singer*. Oxford University Press. $3.

MASONIC BOOKPLATES. By *J. Hugo Tatsch* and *Winward Prescott*. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Masonic Bibliophiles.

ENGINES. By *E. N. da C. Andrade*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE ITALIANA BIBLIOGRAPHY. By *T. W. Huntington, Jr.* Brentanos. $1.

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC. By *Grace Gridley Wilm*. Macmillan. $1.75.

Poetry

POEMS. (Comprising Poems of the Unknown Way and Horizons and Landmarks.) By S. R. LYSAGHT. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Anyone who has read "My Tower in Desmond," or any other piece of Mr. S. R. Lysaght's prose, will know what to expect of his poetry. Both are characterized by leisurely description, a certain broad-minded calm, a generous and unaffected spirit. His verse in the present volume (which is composed of two books, one published in 1901, the other in 1911) is, therefore, leisurely large-hearted, sincere, and straightforward. It is also rather dull.

AFTER STORM

The wind fell, and the waters, gathering slow,
Swung to the primal rhythm of the deep,
In grand procession and triumphal sweep,
With undertones of night and ancient woe.
A thousand miles of ocean eastward curled,
And, lifting stately waves of midnight blue,
Green-crested where the sunlight flashed them through,
Rolled onward to the swing of the rolling world.

This is typical. All the accepted properties are here—the "waters, gathering slow," the rhetoric approved by tradition, the perennial "stately waves" of "midnight blue," the mounting last line. All the accessories of poetry are here—but no poem.

So elsewhere. Mr. Lysaght's honest verses are choked with "wings of eve," "dim lights glimmering," "paths that reach beyond the stars," "the awe that held us half afraid," "starry silence," ". . . and a friend waiting at the journey's end." And yet, in spite of these rubber-stamps, one cannot dislike this verse. It is frank, even in its time-worn, repetitious way, unashamed of its most rubbed clichés. Half roused, half irritated, one reads such a poem as "A Confession of Unfaith" and decides to respect its author—even though it may never occur to one to read the poem again.

THE LOST LYRIST. By ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST. Harpers. 1928. $2.

"The Lost Lyrist" makes various claims, few of which are substantiated. The paper-jacket presents the inevitable (and inevitably false) comparisons with Edna St. Vincent Millay and Eleanor (sic!) Wylie. "Or again they (the poems) suggest 'A Shropshire Lad' "—which is, one reflects, the last thing they aim to do. Unfortunately for the author, the best poem in this rather pretentious volume is "Nothing Gold Can Stay"—and this is quoted intact from Robert Frost, to whom Mrs. Elizabeth Hollister Frost is neither a blood nor a literary relation. Mrs. Frost's poetic kinship may be traced to an unacknowledged but obvious debt to Emily Dickinson. It is a weaker, sentimentalized Emily, but, though the accents are cloyed as well as muffled, one hears the familiar inflection in "Partitioned," "In Store," "Spring," "New Clothes," in "Perhaps" with its:

I never see the postman
By his load of romance driven,
But that I think "Perhaps to-day,
Perhaps I'll hear from heaven."

Even more definite are the Dickensonian undercurrents (and overtones) in:

The verge of tears is narrow
Precarious to go,
With sheerest cliffs above me
And heaving gulfs below.

Elsewhere (as in "No more for you the lark at dawn") we are reminded of another woman poet steeped in sorrow. But Adelaide Crapsey's voice was the more affecting for being a repressed rather than an extended cry. Mrs. Frost is no Israfel, and her heart-strings are tuned not so much to agony as to agonizing. Gifted with a genuine ease, she has chosen to limit her lute to those notes which are either the most difficult or the most derivative.

The reproductions of five etchings by Henry Emerson Tuttle are effective without being theatrical. The owl is especially vivid.

EUROPEAN ELEGIES. By *Watson Kirkconnel*. Ottawa: Graphic.

WINDING ROADS. By *Wilhelmina Harper* and *Aymer Jay Hamilton*. Macmillan.

VELD VERSE. By *Kingsley-Fairbridge*. Oxford University Press. $2.

MOODS CADENCED AND DECLAIMED. By *Theodore Dreiser*. Liveright. $3.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ALABAMA POETRY, 1928. Atlanta: Bozart Press. $2.

FARTHER FAIRER SEAS. By *Katherine Shepard*. Atlanta: Bozart Press. $1.25.

(*Continued on next page*)

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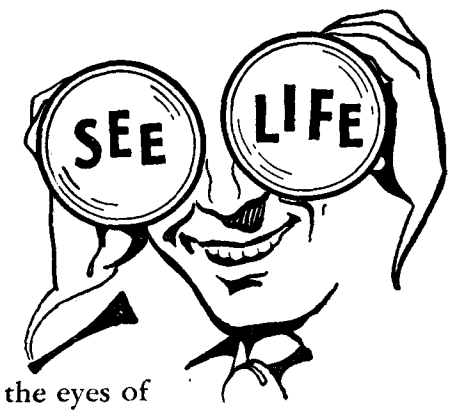

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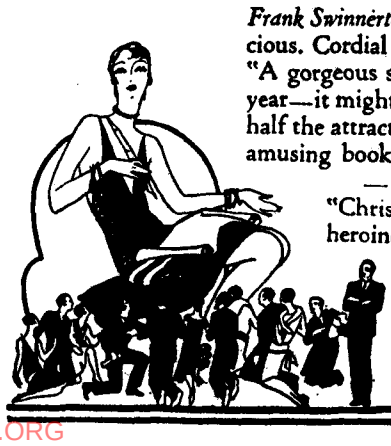

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Saturday Review of Literature takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. Gilbert McCoy Troxell will hereafter collaborate in writing the department of The Compleat Collector. Mr. Troxell is a Yale graduate, and, as a member of the Staff of the Yale University Library, comes into close contact with new books and current sales. It will be his especial province to write of bibliographical matters, auction and private sales, and items from current catalogues.

Recent Dealers' Catalogues

Edgar H. Wells & Company, New York City.

Catalogue 26: Principally of English Literature of the 17th and 18th centuries.

> The most important current catalogue. Addison; Robert Allott's "Wits Theatre of the Little World," 1599; Sir Richard Blackmore's "Satyr against wit," 1700, Samuel Pepy's copy with over sixty marginal entries in his own hand; Boswell, including two copies of the "Life," 1791, in contemporary calf; the Reverend Patrick Brontë's "Cottage Poems," 1811; presentation copy of Edmund Burke's "Philosophical Enquiry into the origin of our ideas of the Sublime," 1770, to Joseph Baretti; Fanny Burney, Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," 3 parts, 1663-1678; Congreve, an exceedingly good collection of Defoe; Dryden, Fielding, an unusually large group of Goldsmiths; Gray, Johnson, including a copy of "London," 1738; Keats's "Endymion," 1818; Peacock, Pope, Mrs. Radcliffe, Smollett, Sterne, Swift, Waller, Walpole, Watts, and Wycherly. The annotations by Mr. Wells are excellent in every way and deserve careful attention, not only for the information, which is invariably clear and accurate, but for the delightful manner in which it is presented. It is a pleasure to find such an intelligent, well-done catalogue. G. M. T.

As an example of a beautifully planned and well-made bibliography, Mr. Morris L. Parrish's catalogue of his personal collection, "A List of the Writings of Lewis Carroll . . . in the Library of Dormy House, Pine Valley, New Jersey," privately printed for Mr. Parrish by William Edwin Rudge, 1928, cannot be praised too highly. His collations and annotations are excellent, and the facsimile illustrations he has used add enormously to the interest of the volume. By including an index, Mr. Parrish has effectually removed the last cause for criticism. One of the chief glories of the collection is the 1866 "Alice," Lewis Carroll's own copy, with his monogram on the half-title, and thirty-seven suggested corrections written in his own hand on the back end-paper—in such a case, there is no need to regret the absence of the 1865 issue.

G. M. T.

Mr. Ernest Dressel North, who a year ago celebrated a quarter century of activity as a dealer in first editions and choice or rare books, writing at the time of the changes he had observed in the period of twenty-five years, had this to say that is of general interest to collectors now as then:

"A definite change in taste has also come over the buying public during this period, notably in the matter of binding. Tree calf with marbled edges, full calf with yellow edges, half calf with cut edges, no longer allure the buyer, but original and contemporary bindings must be offered in order to tempt the collector.

"My first catalogue, issued in November, 1902, consisted of fifty-six pages, offering four hundred and one lots, the total value was $4,931.00, or an average of twelve dollars per lot, while this present catalogue offers a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," London, 1667, for $5,500.00, or, more than the total of my first venture. This total seems absurd in view of the changed book and money values.

"About forty years ago Bernard Quaritch of London offered a fine copy of the First Folio Shakespeare at one thousand guineas. He refused a cabled offer of one thousand pounds, insisting on the extra shilling to the pound as his due. It is recorded that the First Folio Shakespeare was sold in London this summer (1927) by Quaritch to an American buyer for thirteen thousand pounds, and all the world knows that the Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed, fetched one hundred and six thousand dollars recently at auction, while five book-dealers were seated in the auction room who had, within a few months, refused it at twelve thousand pounds!

"One can imagine the prices for such books twenty-five years from now. Possibly only Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will be able to afford to buy such books at that time. At the Adam sale two years ago a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" in contemporary calf fetched ten thousand dollars. I recall selling one in full levant morocco by Francis Bedford, twenty years ago, for twelve hundred dollars, and such rarities as Walton's Spenser's "Fairy Queen," Sidney's "Arcadia," and many great monuments of English literature, have not yet approached the zenith of their value.

"The collecting of autographs has become a great factor in the business, and, although the number of firms dealing exclusively in autographs has not increased, most rare booksellers keep them. The sale of the autograph collections of Thomas, Manning, and Goodyear demonstrated without question the wide-spread interest in the collecting of autographic material, notably everything relating to the founders of the Republic. Who can estimate the financial value of an autograph letter from Thomas Jefferson to George Mason, giving the reasons for his presentation of the Declaration of Independence in the form in which it was finally drawn? Contents, literary interest, letters throwing light on historical matters have enormously advanced."

In autograph collecting, more than in books, possibly, the collector is apt to work in subjects, such as the Kings and Queens of England, the Prime Ministers of England, the Presidents of the United States, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Members and Signers of the Constitution of the United States. The great publicity given to the autograph of Button Gwinnett, signer for Georgia, offers an example of what makes value. Button Gwinnett was killed in a duel a year after signing the Declaration of Independence. His signature to a document fetched at the Thomas Sale three years ago fourteen thousand dollars, the same document resold at the Manning Sale for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, at the Sedgwick Sale twenty-eight thousand five hundred dollars, and another document signed by Button Gwinnett and four other signers, fetched fifty-one thousand dollars a little later. Again, autograph letters by Abraham Lincoln are much scarcer than those by Washington. Washington was in the public eye from the time of the French and Indian War, 1754, to his death in December, 1799, a period of forty-five years, during which time he wrote many letters, but Lincoln was only before the public for about seven years, four years of which the Civil War completely absorbed his time and attention. Edgar Allan Poe died when still a young man, and the circumstances of his life and the tragedy of his death have always kept his letters in demand.

There is a place on the top of one of the Alleghany Mountains where two streams begin, one flowing eastward to the Atlantic Ocean, and the other westward emptying into the Mississippi River, and so to the Gulf of Mexico; the same statement alleges that the hand of the traveller can direct the movement of these two streams and turn them either toward the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico.

And so the collector can turn the tide into any current or class of literature he wills. The motives which govern the col-

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lector of fine and rare books are varied. One man buys to avoid the income tax; one, to have a hobby outside his regular business; another, to make a notable collection to present to his Alma Mater.

I know a man of very moderate means who for many years has been trying to perfect his collection of over one thousand volumes of Wordsworth, first editions of, and books relating to, this famous English author, with the distinct purpose of completing the collection and giving it to his Alma Mater upon his death.

I also know of an ardent and discriminating collector who has tried to make an intelligent and useful collection of original manuscripts of the Greek and Latin authors and of notable books, such as the Works of the Fathers, Horæ, the Koran, and other Oriental manuscripts, the whole to be left to his university upon his death.

Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, for years collected first editions of the great English poets and has now presented his collection to Wellesley College as a memorial to his wife, the late Alice Freeman, with the idea of adding to it from time to time.

How can one over-state the inestimable value of such collecting?

It is a popular legend that book collectors do not read their books, but I must say that my experience is quite the contrary. Men like the late Beverley Chew, Winston H. Hagen, were keen students of their books and of English literature as a whole.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 44. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing words of the Senator's Patter Song form an American Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Finance," by Gilbert and Sullivan. (Entries, which should be of printable length, must reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of October 22.)

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"What sort of an *Inner Sanctum* are you maintaining?" ask a few best pals and severest critics. ". . . . publishing books like *Fascinating Women*, *Sacred and Profane*. . . . . squandering your time at first nights and rehearsals . . . negotiating contracts with FLORENZ ZIEGFELD and movie magnates . . . disclosing the private life of NINA T———, the goddess of a jungle joss-house . . . offering to the world *The Lives, Heroic Deeds, And Sayings of Gargantua and His Son Pantagruel* . . . making whoopee with Rabelasian glee . . . proclaiming without shame the saga of DIXIE DUGAN, 'The hottest little wench who ever shook a scanty at a tired business man' . . .?"

In the words of AL JOLSON, *The Inner Sanctum* can only reply: "*Folks you ain't heard nothin' yet . . .*"

On Thursday, October 18th, *The Inner Sanctum* unveils to a palpitant public its long-rumored book *The Technique of the Love Affair*.

It is anonymous.

Even the Heads of the House don't know the name of the author [she signs herself simply "*A Gentlewoman*"] and, if they did, they wouldn't tell.

No book in recent years [four, to be exact] has aroused quite so many anticipatory tremors as *The Technique of the Love Affair* . . . For weeks since the plates came from the English publisher the press room, the bindery, and the secret vaults and citadels of the *Inner Sanctum* have been barricaded against heart-hungry females making the night hideous with their cries for advance copies.

Booksellers are now taking advance orders against that alluring date, Thursday, October 18th . . . Never was *The Inner Sanctum* so certain that the first edition of a book would be exhausted on the day of publication. Having blurted out this hint and warning, *The Inner Sanctum* must revert to the mysterious secrecy that in the nature of things must hover about *The Technique of the Love Affair*.

But *The Inner Sanctum* has its serious moments, even its sacred aspirations. The publication of *The Twilight of the American Mind* by Professor Walter B. Pitkin, provokes in the entire staff what Aristotle called the characteristic activity of God, to-wit, a thinking on thinking. In this sense, a contemplation of the major crisis that confronts American life [it should reach its climax by 1975] provides not only exciting reading, and incendiary theses for after-dinner discourse, but an almost divine pleasure. Professor Pitkin has an encyclopaedic mind [literally] and a melodramatic way of articulating it.

Professor Pitkin believes and proves, for example, that very few high-grade intellects can succeed in business, and that, as American business is now organized, a man with a high-grade mind has to use it only a few minutes every month in order to hold his job.

The Friend of Jesus, a tone-poem-in-prose by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, has been described as the scriptures retold for moderns—a yea-saying creed for the Twentieth Century, a Bible that would command the adoration of a SPINOZA, a VOLTAIRE, a WALT WHITMAN, an ANATOLE FRANCE.

One of the advance copies of *The Friend of Jesus* was forwarded to a well known newspaperman, who promptly informed *The Inner Sanctum* that he had read it with breathless interest and filed it for future reverence.

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE see that Appleton is bringing out a new book by *Robert H. Davis*. It is called "Bob Davis Again! In Many Moods." There are sure to be a lot of good stories in it. One that comes off the clip-sheet is about another Davis, *Richard Harding Davis*, and his start as a short-story writer. It seems that he owed it to the "brutality" of *Arthur Brisbane*, when Brisbane was editor of *The Evening Sun*. Brisbane told "Dick" Davis to go ahead and write fiction. Davis said that he had no time, and that on his day off he preferred to visit his mother in Philadelphia. "All right," replied Brisbane, "do a fiction story Saturday and take Sunday off to see your mother." Brisbane further declared that week-ends would be forfeited if Davis let up on the story-writing. So, much against his will, he began to turn out fiction. "You wouldn't believe that I spent a whole year cursing A. B.," Richard Harding Davis told Bob Davis, "or that I have spent the balance of my life loving him for the part he played in my career." . . . .

We are glad to announce that in Guadalajara, Mexico, *Idella Purnell*, the editor of *Palms*, is raising a daughter, *Georgia Bryant Weatherwax*, born last April 22nd. Georgia now weighs ten pounds and has red hair. Idella Purnell plans to publish *Palms* down in Mexico for the next six numbers, because down there there are plenty of violet rays for the baby. *Palms*, as you know, is a very up-and-coming little poetry magazine. . . . .

A new clip-sheet, undoubtedly the work of the fine Italian hand of Miss *Page Cooper*, is "The Galley" that comes to us, signed The Galley Slave, from Doubleday, Doran & Company. "The Galley," incidentally, tells us that Michael Arlen is at work on five long autobiographical stories about five heroines, the title to be "Babes in the Woods." . . . .

Also, we extract from the same source the information that *Aldous Huxley* is meditating a series of biographical studies exhibiting different kinds of perversion from the human norm. . . . .

William Morrow & Company have published *René Lacoste's* book on tennis. It was only nine years ago that Lacoste first saw a tennis ball, being then in England improving his English accent. The game of tennis he very quickly evolved is internationally famous. And we never saw him play! Never mind, we saw *Cochet* this year, anyway,—and the easy-going-but-always-getting-there Henri was well worth seeing! . . . .

We have been invited to become Chief Cuff Writer of our District to the Society of the Forty Pious Friends and Drunken Companions, of which *Frank Shay*, author of "My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions" and "More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions," is president and Chief Barkeep. The sole and main endeavor of the society will be to seek out the songs of the dear, departed days and put them into practical use by keeping them alive for that future generation which, just possibly, may have freer opportunity to use them. The location of the laboratory for testing songs adopted by the society must remain a secret. *Tom Davin* is the Chief Cuff Writer, and of Honorary Barkeeps (Vice-Presidents) there will doubtless soon be as many as those of a National Bank. There is even a Barfly, who drinks but does not sing. Need we say that Mr. Shay's books are published by The Macaulay Company at 257 Fourth Avenue? Swell books of songs they are! . . . .

You should get and read "The Friend of Jesus," a tone poem by *Ernest Sutherland Bates*, a modern restatement of the Scriptures, the drama of both the Old and New Testaments retold from the standpoint of a modern in love with life. It is published by Simon & Schuster. You will find it entirely unconventional in its concepts, but remarkably sincere and moving,—a great feat of imagination and insight. The author was born forty-eight years ago in Gambier, Ohio, the son of a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. He holds a Doctorate of Philosophy from Columbia, has occupied several professorial chairs, and is now a member of the editorial staff of the "Dictionary of American Biography." Incidentally he has for long been one of the most valued members of the reviewing staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. . . .

In a widely popular illustrated magazine we recently ran across a little poem called "October" which ended in the following remarkable manner:

I think that somewhere up around the Throne
God's cup of glory must have overflown.

We wish somebody had overflown those last two lines before they appeared in print; for we think that somewhere up along the editorial road an erring etymological instinct must have overflowed. . . .

The *Yale Review* is offering a two thousand dollar award to the author "of that one of the contributions to the magazine whose article shall be deemed most deserving of this special recognition for its excellence." The field to be covered by the article will be designated in advance each year. The first award will be for an article dealing with a Public Question in National or International Affairs. This article will be selected by a committee of three judges from contributions published in Volume XVIII of the magazine; which begins with the present Autumn issue and ends with the 1929 Summer issue. The decision will be published in the 1929 Autumn issue. . . .

The Women's National Book Association operated a book booth at the exhibit of the Women's Arts and Industries at the Hotel Astor, the week of October first to October sixth. The following authors appeared in person: *Francis Brett Young*, *Inez Haynes Irwin*, *Bob Sherwood*, *J. P. McEvoy*, *Courtland Fitzsimmons*, *Mary G. Bonner*, *Faith Baldwin*, *St. John Ervine*, *Grace Perkins*. . . .

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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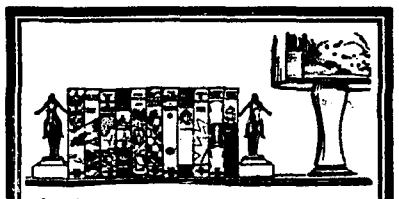

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Points of View

Objection

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Judging by the painful surprise which Mr. Borchard's article on American Foreign Policy gave readers of the *S. R. L.* of my acquaintance, you must have received several letters more or less similar to my own. I cannot help but add my protest to theirs, however. It seems to me you have made a serious error in editorial policy in publishing an article as far away from your original field.

There is a naive treatment of economic factors in international relations in this article such as only a lawyer's peculiar professional limitations could excuse. Take, for instance, his treatment of the return of the sequestrated alien property by the Alien Property Custodian, which is described by Professor Borchard as a case in which "the U. S. has furnished the world with an example of good judgment and integrity of far-reaching importance in international relations, possibly greater in its constructive effect than the signature of treaties to maintain the peace by force." Can a distinguished lawyer such as this Yale professor be entirely oblivious of the fact that this "integrity" was only reintroduced into American policy—a decade after the mistaken policy was entered into—because of the growing American investments abroad and the consequent *interest* of the U. S. in the precedent which it wished to reverse? Does he really believe that the reestablishment of a good principle on *such* grounds will be productive of any *moral* prestige amongst other nations?

Mr. Borchard's disregard of historical facts is as amusing as his ignorance of economic factors. He believes with the Hearst papers that Europe's difficulties to keep the peace are due the fact that "Europe's worst enemy is its history and that the U. S. cannot change." Mr. Borchard should know that there are several countries in Europe which have fewer wars to their "credit" since the Napoleonic period than the U. S., amongst them "militaristic" Germany, and in making that statement I am not even thinking of all our little private wars in Central America!

Aside from the sketchiness of Mr. Borchard's economis and historical background —I could cite a page of examples besides those mentioned above—there is a curious weakness in his political appreciation. The League of Nations is regarded as "primarily a European institution" in spite of the fact —obvious to anyone who has followed the evolution of the British Empire—that it has become the sheet anchor of British Imperial policy. That fact alone—not to speak of the tendency of South American nations to seek a counterweight at Geneva against Washington's hegemony — should make anyone pause before generalizing so easily concerning the Geneva institutions.

To Mr. Borchard the French reservations to the Kellogg treaties "take out of the proposal most of its value." I could cite as distinguished legal authority for the precisely contrary thesis, to wit, that the general phraseology of the proposal meant nothing, and that the precise, well-defined phrases of the French Foreign Office have given it whatever limited value it may have.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that these few paragraphs have convinced you that the "cautious, but informed article by one of the ablest of our international experts and advisors" seems rather full of a common variety of prejudice, surprising only because it happens to be found in your otherwise so interesting and liberal-minded columns. I believe it would deserve your attention to reconsider the wisdom of sallying forth in this manner from the proper field of a review of literature, but before such a reconsideration you owe it to your readers to present them with a point of view on this problem which is not quite so cautious, not quite so purely legal and a bit more "fundamentally radical." For that—in spite of your editorial note—Professor Borchard's views are least of all.

HARRY D. GIDEONSE.
Rutgers University.

[The editorial policy of *The Saturday Review* is to review books of general interest and importance and to discuss the problems, literary or otherwise, involved in the fields covered by these books. As editors, we propose to keep to our own métier, which is literature, but we hope on many occasions to call upon experts in psychology, economics, history, philosophy, science, and international affairs, with which current books are so deeply concerned.—THE EDITOR.]

"Thee" and "Thou" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I regret to differ with M. G. Van Rensselaer, but as Quakerism seems to be entering into the campaign, it should be stated that the Quakers very definitely did use "thou" as well as "thee" and "thy," although they do not now do so, at least in America. I have a letter of my great-great-grandfather's in which both the "thee" in the nominative and "thou" appear.

In the time of George Fox "thou" and "thee" were, as always before, the proper English usages, but "you" in the singular had crept into the speech of the gentry as a polite affectation. Fox and the Quakers declared, not for grammar, but for simplicity. They wished to keep the "plain language" of the common people as they wished to keep their "plain clothing" which afterwards, by an irony of costume, became the "uniform" of the Quakers.

But it is a well known tendency of the English language to become ever more simple grammatically. The body of simple Quakers found themselves, by the end of the eighteenth century, using a "plain language" that was now theirs alone. It was, so to speak, a language without a literature, and used of course by people a majority of whom were neither well educated nor concerned with niceties of grammar. "Thou" and "thee" gave place to "thee" for both uses, very much as "I" tends to become "me" in "It is me" today, and the "hit, his, hit" of Chaucer became "it, its, it."

In America, I judge, that the change came in the early nineteenth century. A Quaker of 1776 would, I am sure, have said thou, unless he were uneducated. But by 1830 or 1840 "thee" had established itself in good Quaker usage. I am told that English Quakers still use "thou."

HENRY S. CANBY.

The Wyndham Lewises

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue dated today, page 118, column 3, the following passage occurs in a review of "François Villon: A Documented Survey," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis:

"Mr. Wyndham Lewis is known for an 'agreeable rattle' whose gay trifling veils good taste and common sense. He shoots social follies as they fly. Brilliantly he submits the literary vogues and styles of the moment to the test of *pastiches* and humorous exaggeration. Or, no longer dissembling his deep concern in the things of the soul, he shows how Machiavelli influenced the Elizabethans, or how the latest metaphysical theories of Time-Space endanger our art and conduct. And here at length is a 'documented survey' of the life and testaments, great and small, of that Master François Villon who sang in far-off days within the shadow of the gallows."

How do you come to print such rubbish? The author of the Documented Survey, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, is, to begin with, being confused with another writer, Wyndham Lewis. That, however, is so inevitable, one would not trouble to protest against it. But in addition the writer, Wyndham Lewis, is in the foregoing passage ridiculously misrepresented. He certainly has never set out to show how "Machiavelli influenced the Elizabethans" or how "the latest metaphysical theories of Time-Space endanger our art and conduct." That Machiavelli influenced the Elizabethans has been well known from the time when there were Elizabethans. The absurd statement evidently refers to a book called "The Lion and the Fox," which is a study of the nature of the artist as exemplified in the works of Shakespeare.

And what on earth is Time-Space? Whatever it is, how could it endanger our art and conduct? An earthquake might "endanger our art" or a theory that all art should be destroyed. But such a theory is not included in "the latest metaphysical theories of Time-Space." As for those theories endangering our conduct—! Here again the uninitiated would never suspect that the reference is to a book called "Time and Western Man," which purports to analyze how in the domains of art, philosophy, and the philosophy of history a return to more primitive forms of life is being actively supported and encouraged.

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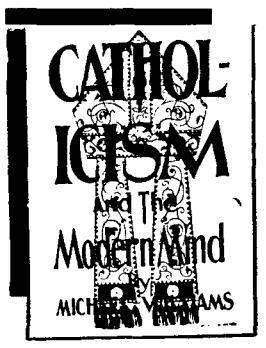

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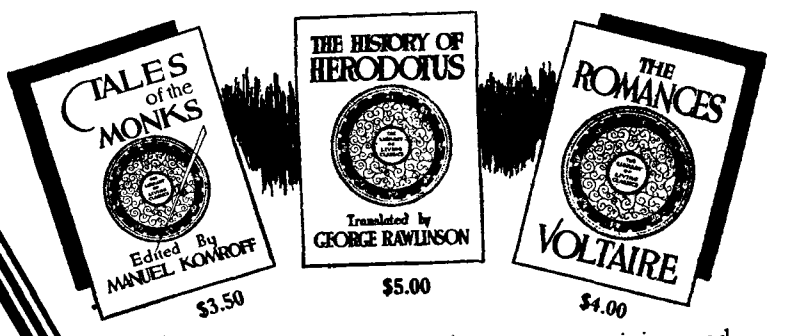

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